Ms Mus/3 A4265/2

Anna Maria Fielding

Chelsea —— Jan.y 29.th 1820 - London -

6.th Vol.m Manuscript Music -

1 Peters of Rio	Swiss
2 The Chaunah	Clarke
3 From her whose every [illegible]	Phillips
4 La Virginella	Bishop
5 The Silver Moon	Hook
6 Pedrai Cairo	Bayat
7 Lilla come down to me	Clarke
Union of the days	Taylor
Cross my hand and you shall know	Kelly
My Soldier love	Scotch Air Arrang. by Bishop
6 Libbie Sha' seen the day	Scotch Air.
Non mi ricordo	Loyal
The Honest Man	Scotch Air
Adams morning call to Eve	Crivelletti
Scotts the Grey breath of morning	Lilla
Lancers quadrilles	

Waters of Ille

2

Here [illegible] near yonder [illegible] rocking
One still to dear first [illegible] vows to thee
Wear this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing
Near to thy heart in memory of me —
Loves cherished gift, the rose he gave is faded
Loves blighted flower can never bloom again
Weep for thy fault, in heart in mind degraded
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain

3

Call back the vows, that once to heaven were plighted
Vows full of love, of innocence and truth
Call back the scenes in which thou long delighted
Call back the dream that blest thy early youth

4

Flow silver stream tho' threatning tempests lower
Bright wild and clear tho' gentle waters flow;
Forward thy green banks the Spring's young blossoms flower
Over thy soft waves the balmy zephyrs blow.

5

— Yet all in vain, for never Spring arraying
Nature in charms to thee can make fair
Ill fated love closes all thy path, portraying,
Years past of this — and future of despair.

Waters of Elle. Air. "Ils ne sont plus." Words by Lady C. L.

Andante Affettuoso

con espress:

dim.

Wa-ters of Elle thy limpid streams are

dim.

flowing. — Smooth and un-trou-bled o'er the flow-ry Vale . . . .

f

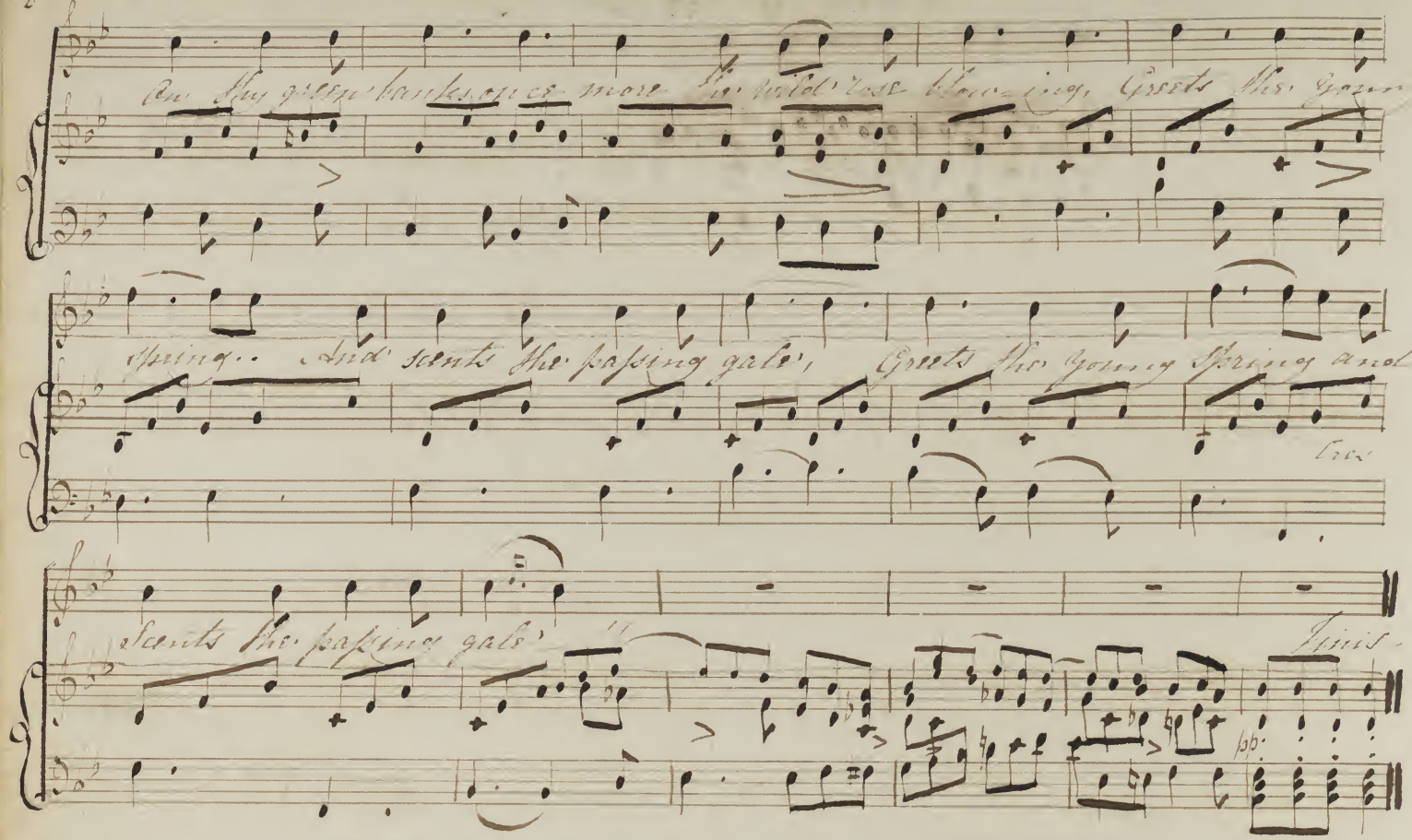
legato

Dim.

Cre.

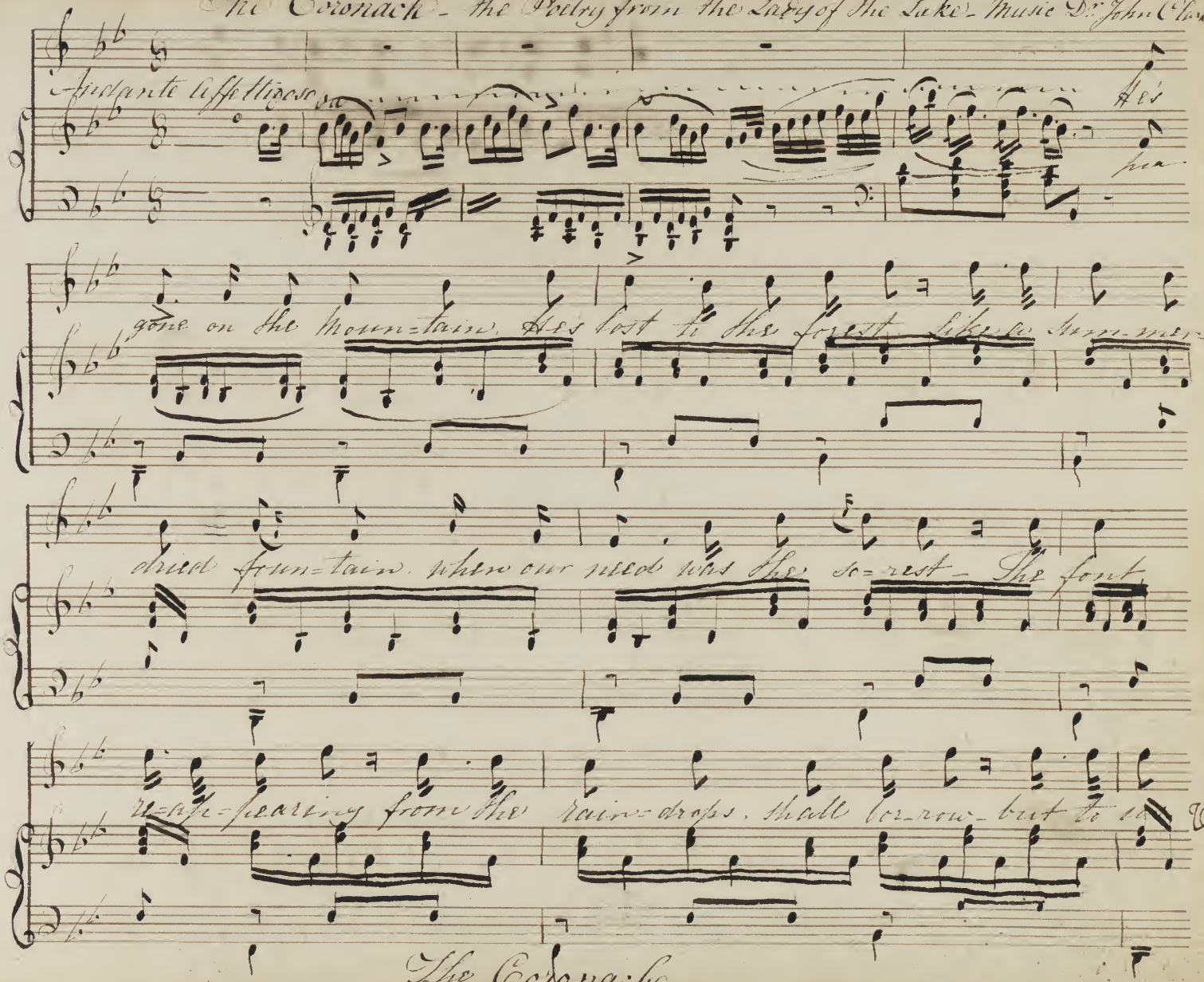
Tef.

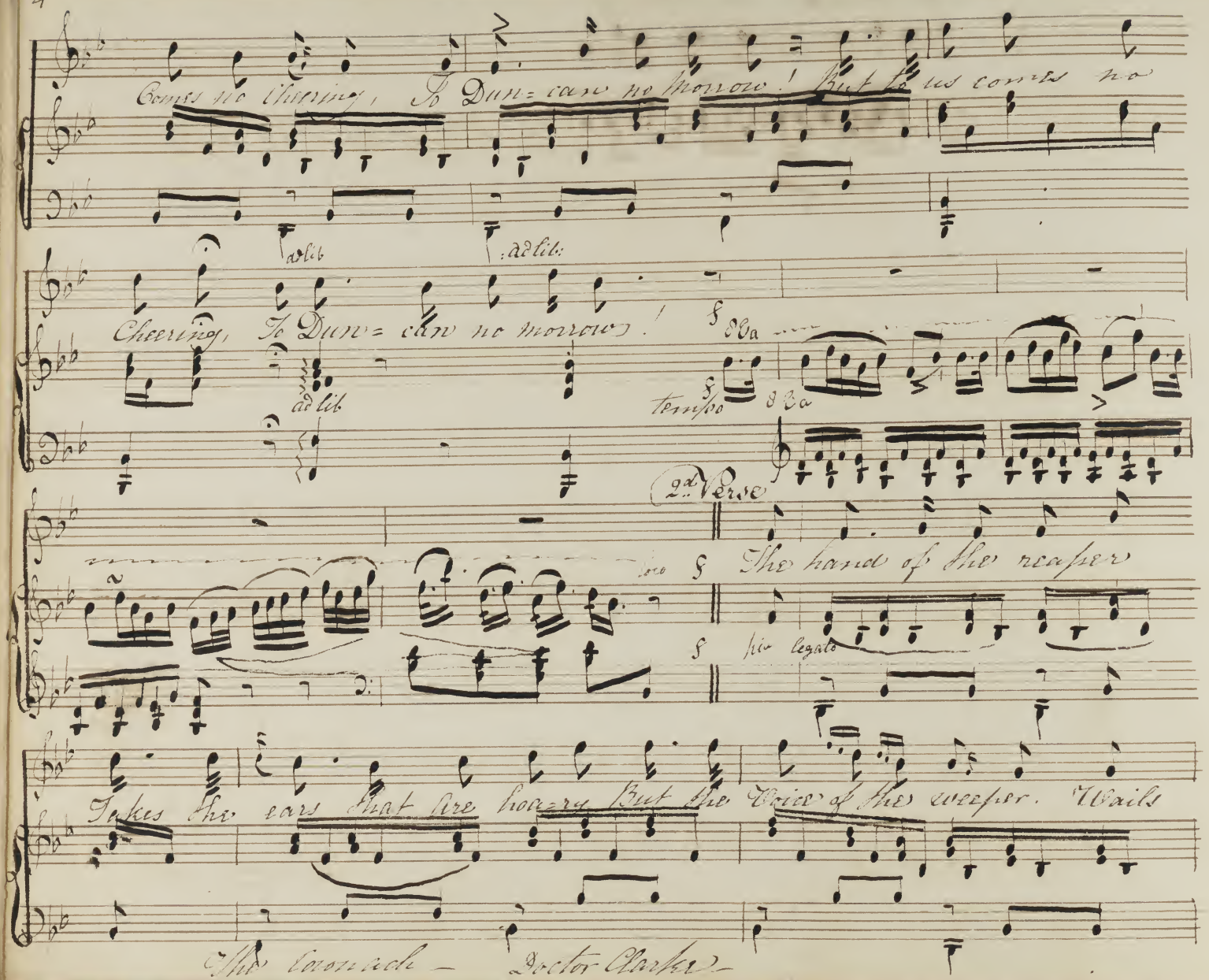
Waters of Elle

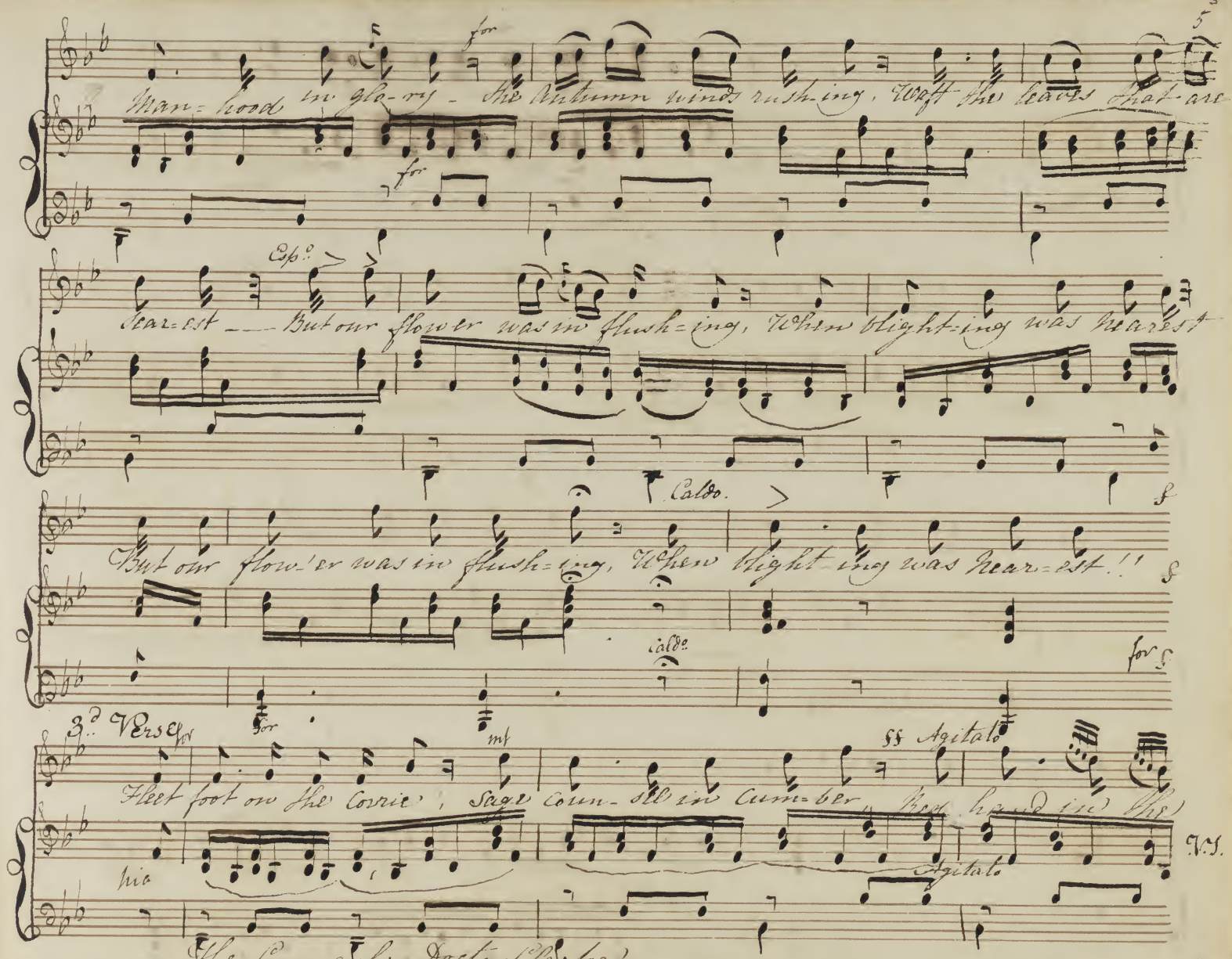


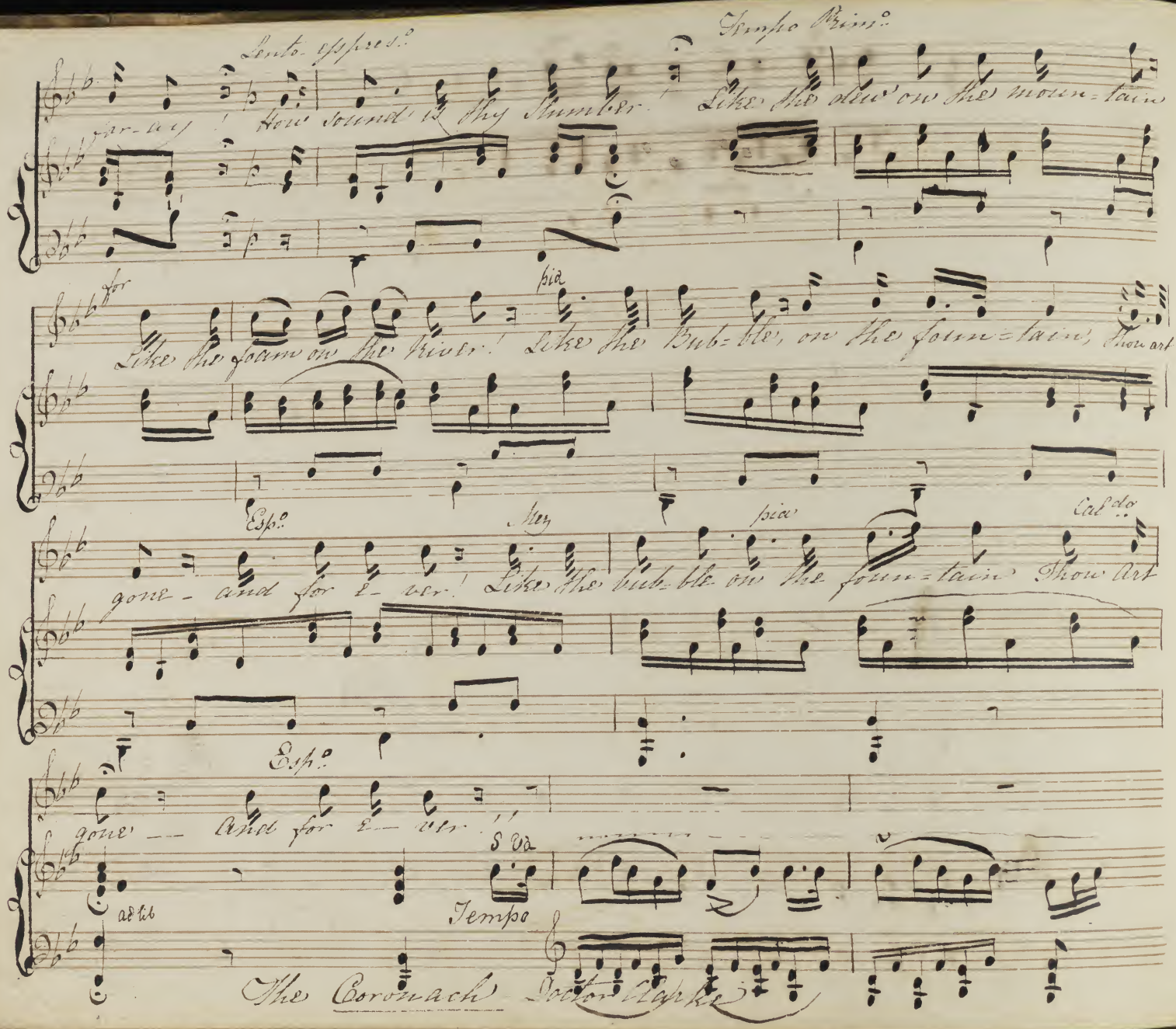
Walter Ellis

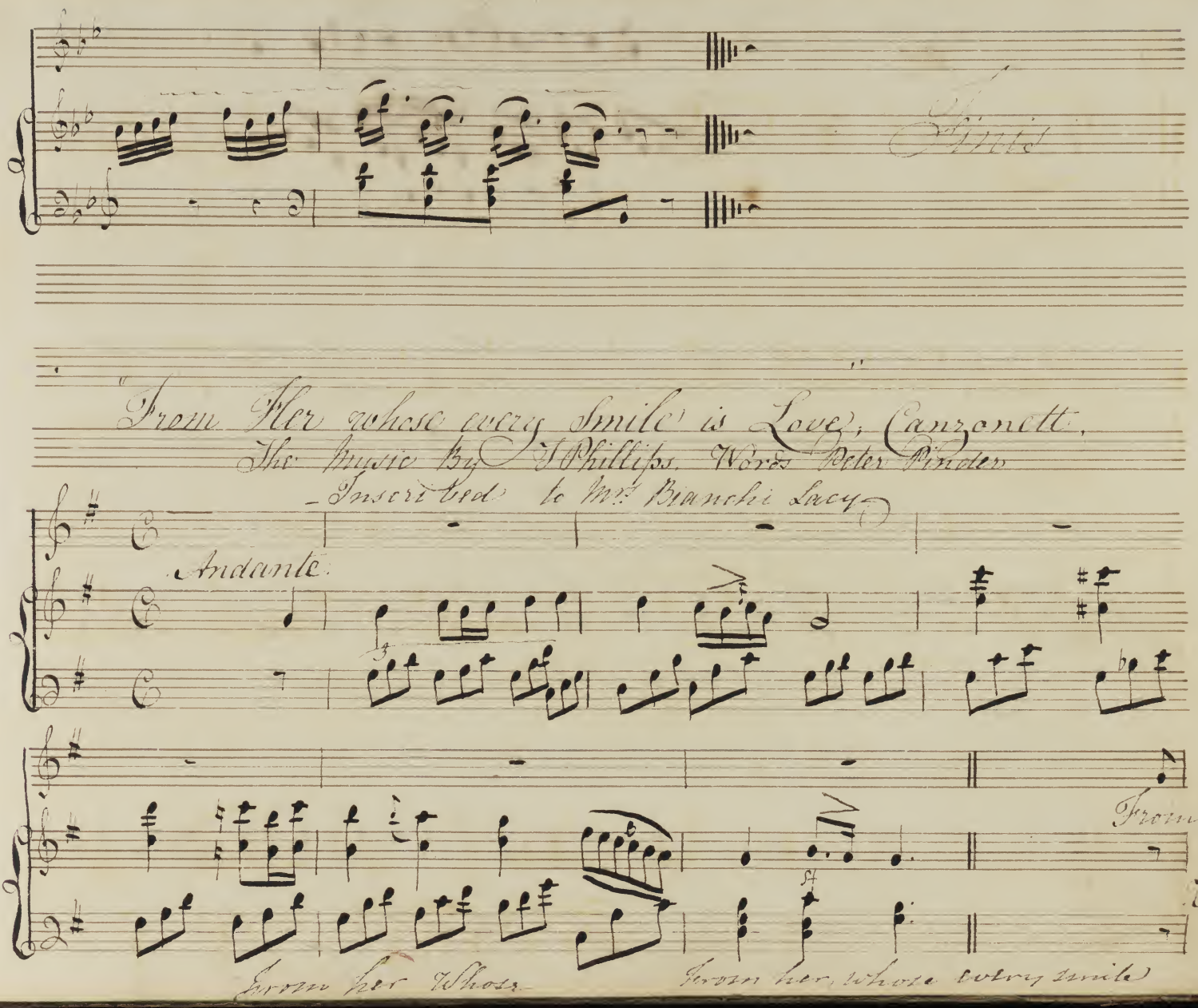
The Coronach - the Poetry from the Lady of the Lake - Music Dr. John Clarke




Comes no Morning, To Dun=cans no Morrow! But he comes no
ad lib.
ad lib.
Cheering, To Dun=cans no Morrow!
ad lib
8va
tempo
8va
2d. Verse
The hand of the reaper
più legato
Takes the ears that are hoary But the Voice of the weeper. Wails
The Coronach — Doctor Clarke


for
Man-hood in glo-ry - The Autumn winds rush-ing, Waft the leaves that are
for
Esp.o
fear-est — But our flower was in flush-ing, When blight-ing was nearest
Calbo.
f
But our flow'er was in flush-ing, When blight-ing was fear-est.!!
f
calbo.
for
3.d Verse
for
for
mf
ff Agitato
Fleet foot on the Corrie', Sage Coun-sel in Cum-ber, Red hand in the
V.S.
pia
Agitato
The Cosmopolitan Doctor (Parker)


Lento espress.o
Sempre Piano
Like the dew on the moun-tain
Like the foam on the river! Like the Bub-ble, on the foun-tain, Thou art
gone - and for e - ver! Like the bub-ble on the foun-tain Thou art
gone — and for e — ver!
Tempo
The Coronach Doctor Clarke


"From Her whose every Smile is Love", Canzonett.
The Music by J. Phillips. Words Peter Pindar.
Inscribed to Mrs Blanchi Lacy
Andante.
From
From her whose
From her, whose every smile

her whose ev-ry smile is love - I haste to some far dis-tant cell my

Sighs too weak her mind to move - My sighs too weak her mind to move

Dol

I bid the flatt'rer hope fare-well! I bid the flatt'rer hope fare-well

Ad. lib.

I bid the flatt'rer hope — fare-well!!

Lentando

Voice 2d Stanza, with embellishments —

Yet as I quit her vale, my sighs at ev'ry step for Julia mourn; my

anxious heart with=in me dies, My anxious heart with=in me dies

And panting whispers, Oh! re=turn, And pan=ting whispers Oh! return

And panting whis=pers, Oh! re=turn! —

Voice 3d Stanza

De=lu=sive heart! thy fol=ly know, nor fond=ly nurse a fa=tal flame

by absence thou wilt lose thy woe, by absence thou wilt lose thy woe

And only flut=ter at her name, And on=ly flut=ter at her name

And on=ly flut=ter at her name —))

Set my Ho. 2d 1820. Dr. L.

La Verginella

Aria del Sig.r Bertoni

Voce

Harpa ou P.F.

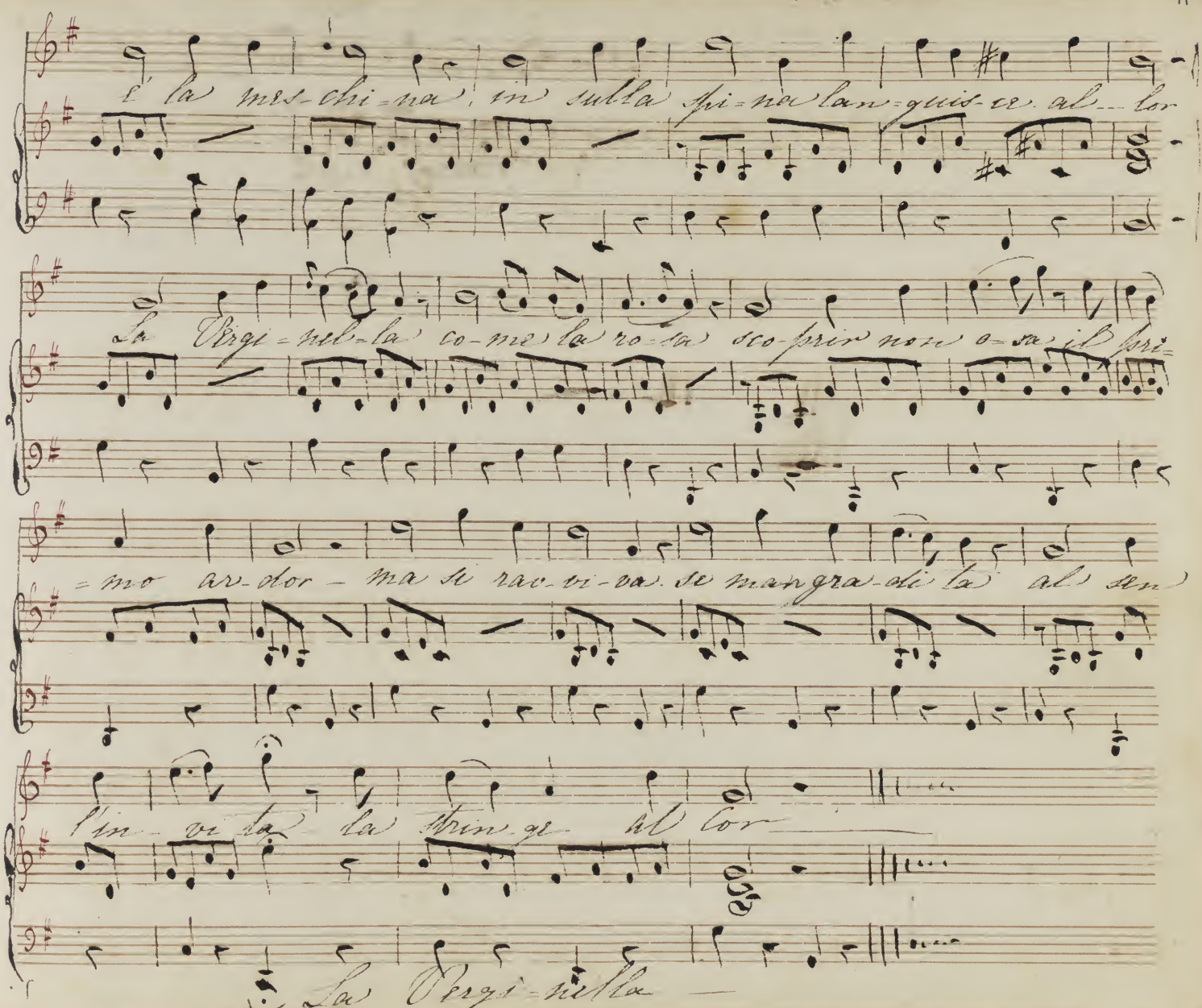
La Ver=gi=nel=la co=me la ro=sa sco=prì non o=sa il pri==

=mo ar=dor la fiam=ma il raggio che in lei bri=lla=va fa poi

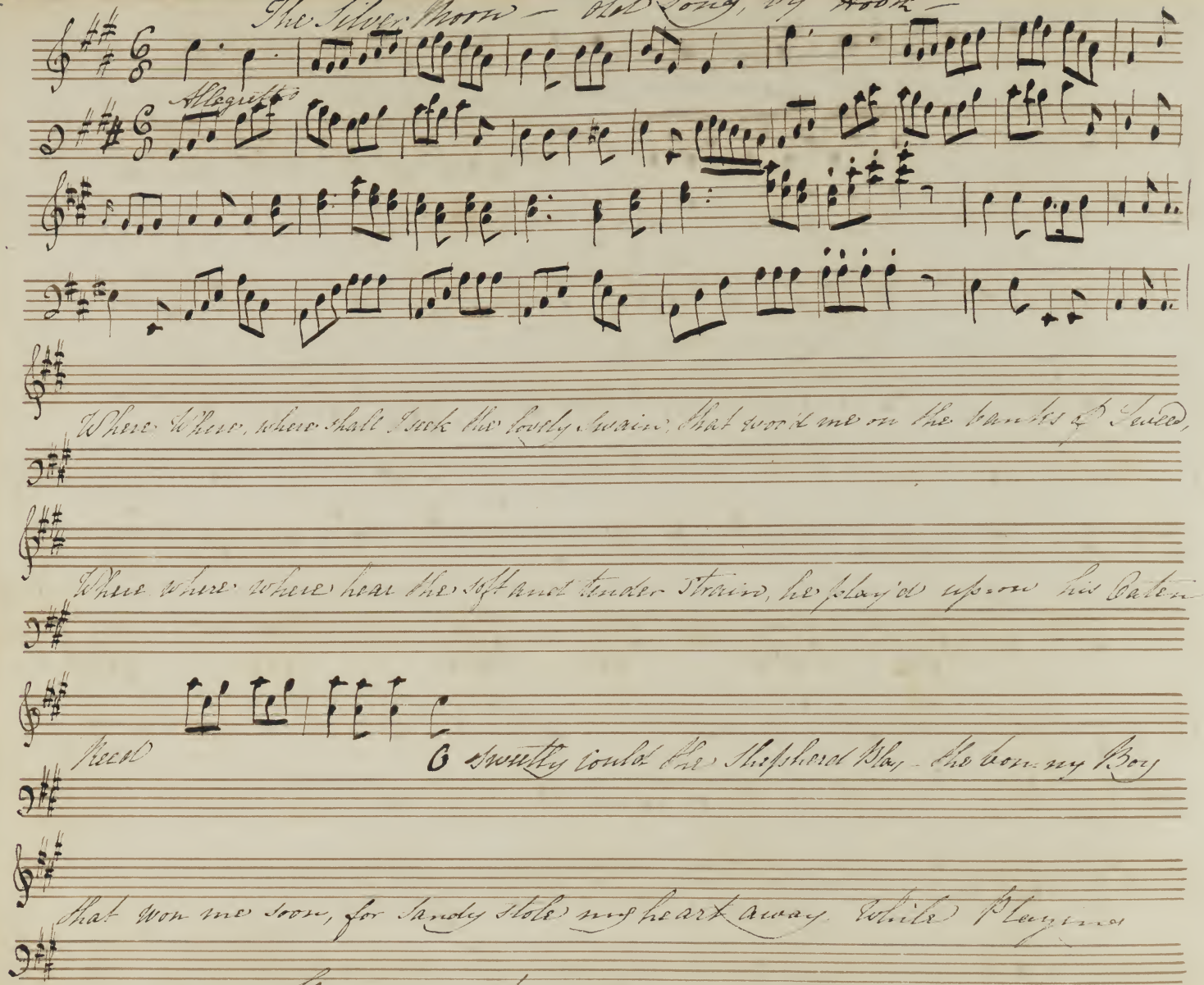
che svel=la il suo ros=sor La Verginella co=me la ro=sa

scoprir non o=sa il pri=mo ar=dor le abban do=na=ta

La Verginella

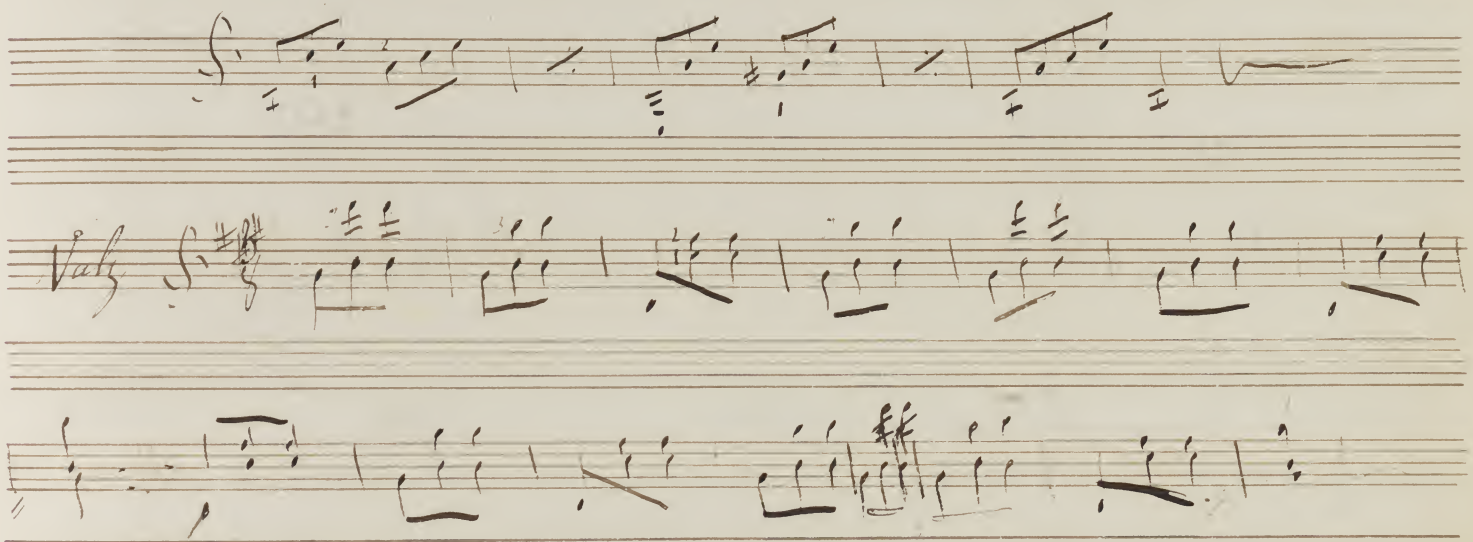

E' la mes-chi-na, in sulla spi-na lan-guis-ce al-lor
La Vergi-nel-la co-me la ro-sa sco-prir non o-sa il bel
=mo ar-dor — ma si rav-vi-va se man gra-di la al sen
l'in-vi-ta la stringe al cor
La Vergi-nella

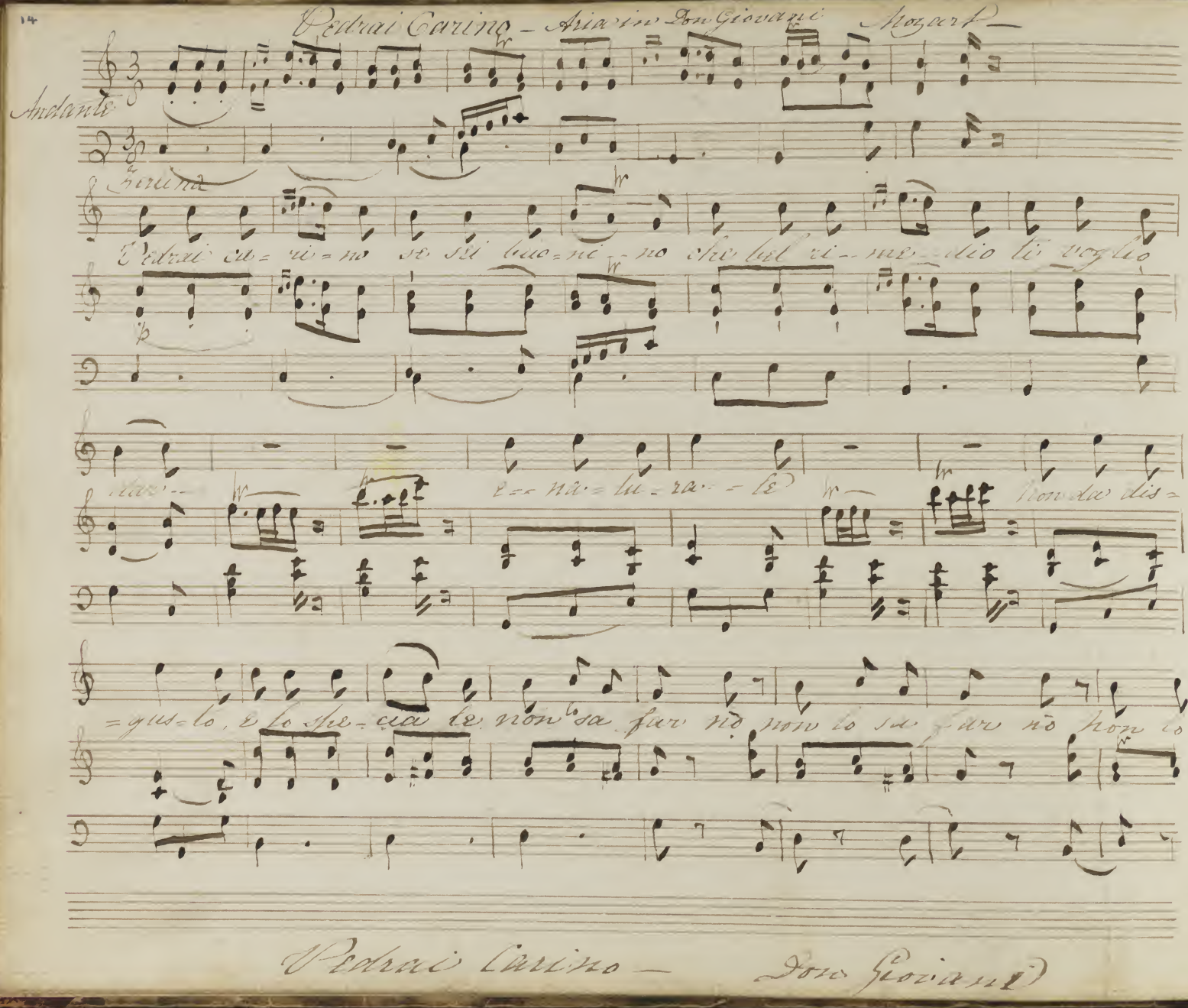
The Silver Moon — old Song, by Hook —

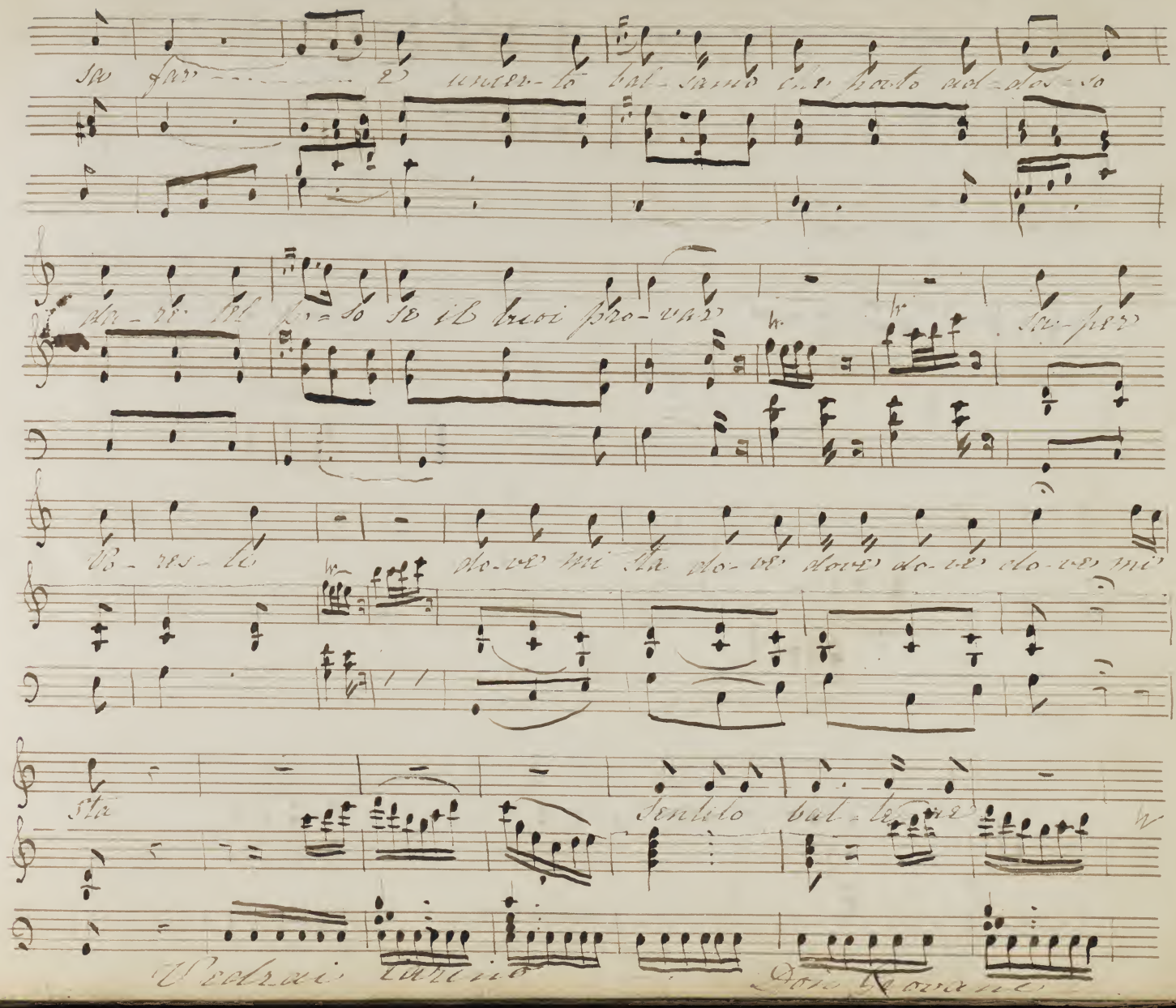


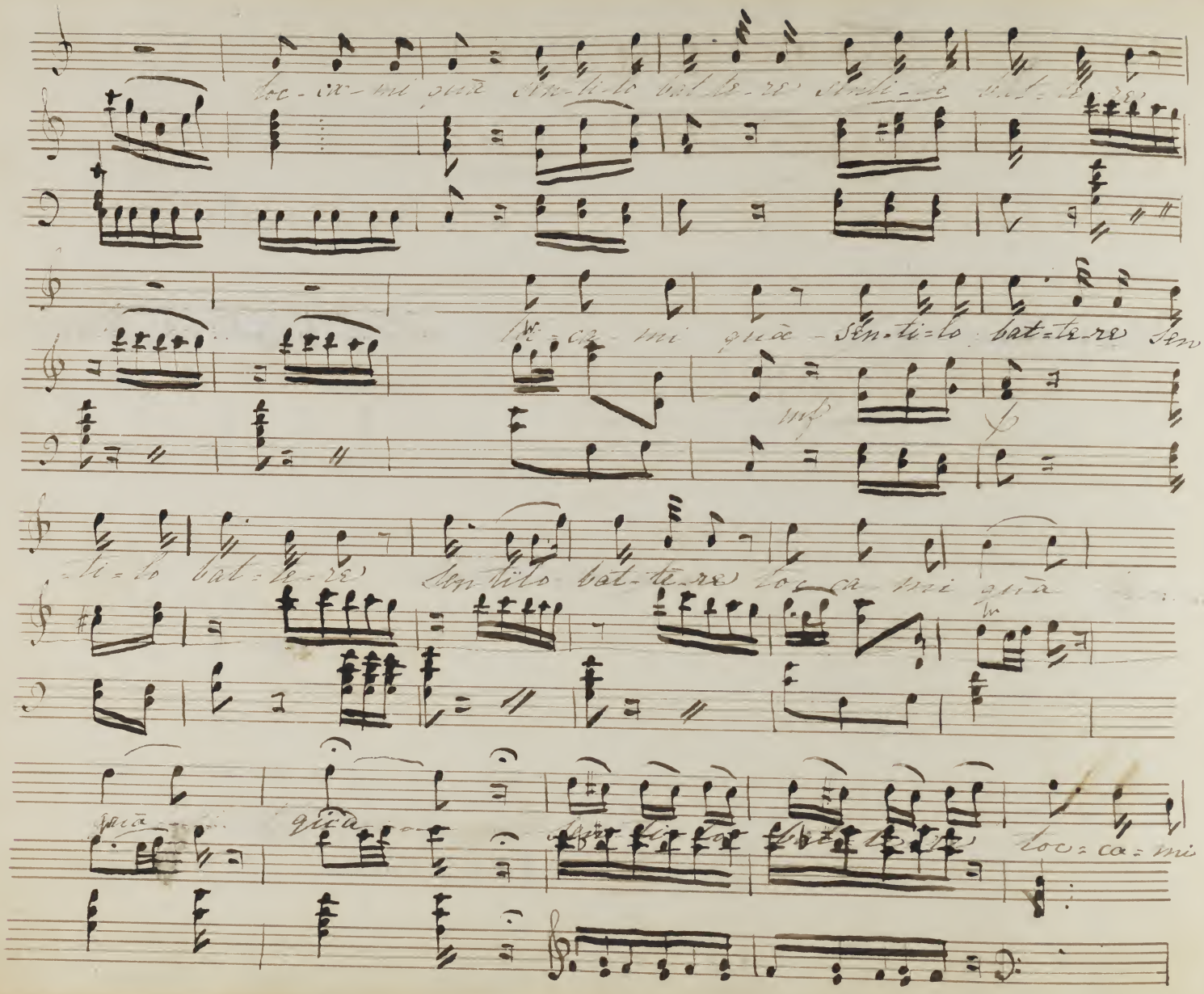
by the Silver Broom, the Silver Broom the Silver Broom,

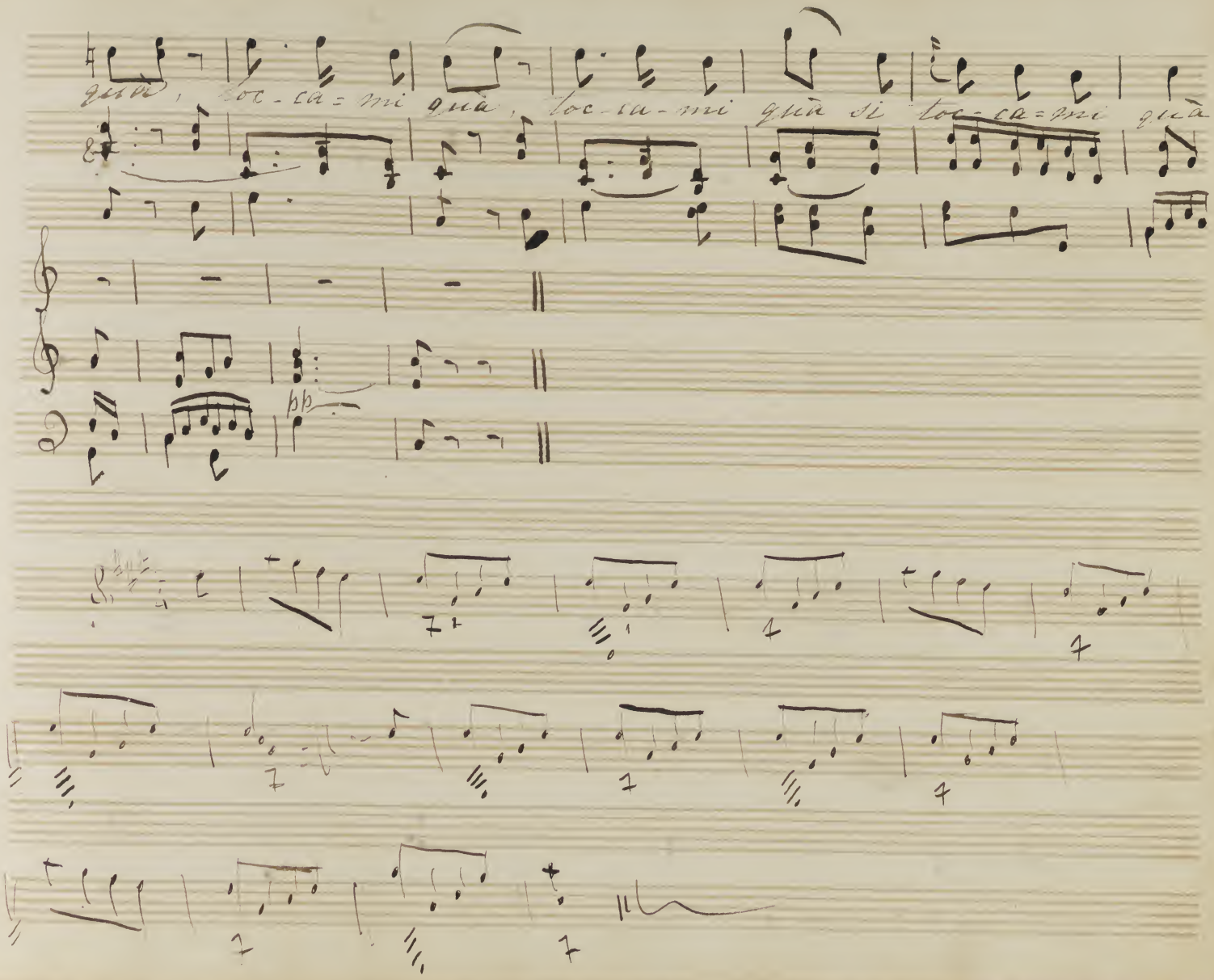
For Sandy stole my heart away while playing by the Silver Broom.




Vedrai Carino – Aria in Don Giovanni Mozart
Andante
Soprano
Vedrai ca=ri=no se sei buo=no che bel ri=me=dio ti voglio
ma=ri=to
E=na=lo=ra=le non do dis=
=gus=to, e lo spe=ra=le non sa far nò non lo sa far nò non lo
Vedrai Carino – Don Giovanni

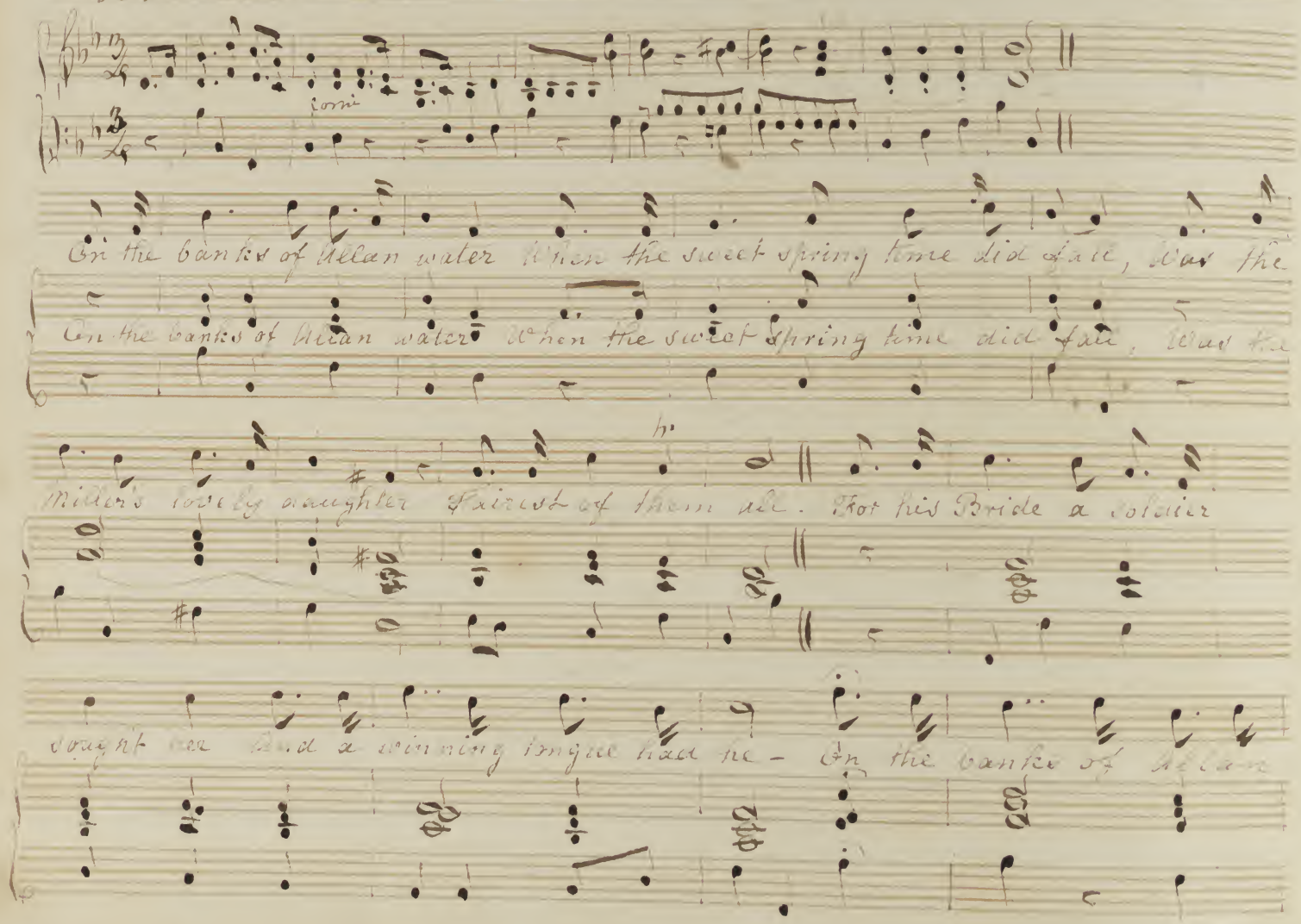

Se fav- - - -


toc-ca-mi, più Sen-ti-lo bat-te-re Sen-ti-lo
toc=ca=mi più Sen=ti=lo bat=te=re Sen
mf
f
=ti=lo bat=te=re Sen=ti=lo bat=te=re toc=ca mi più
più
più
toc=ca=mi


qua, toc-ca=mi qua, toc-ca-mi qua si toc-ca=mi qua
pp

The Banks of Allan Water – Words by M.G. Lewis – Arrangement by C.E. Horn –

Andante



Water none was gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When brown Autumn spread its store,
There I saw the Miller's daughter;
But she smil'd no more
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the Soldier false was he
On the banks of Allan water, none was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water
When the winter snow fell fast
Still was seen the Miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the Miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan water
There a corse lay she.

The Celebrated Serenade of Lilla come down to me

As introduced in the Seige of Belgrade by Mr. Braham composed by Mr. T. Cook

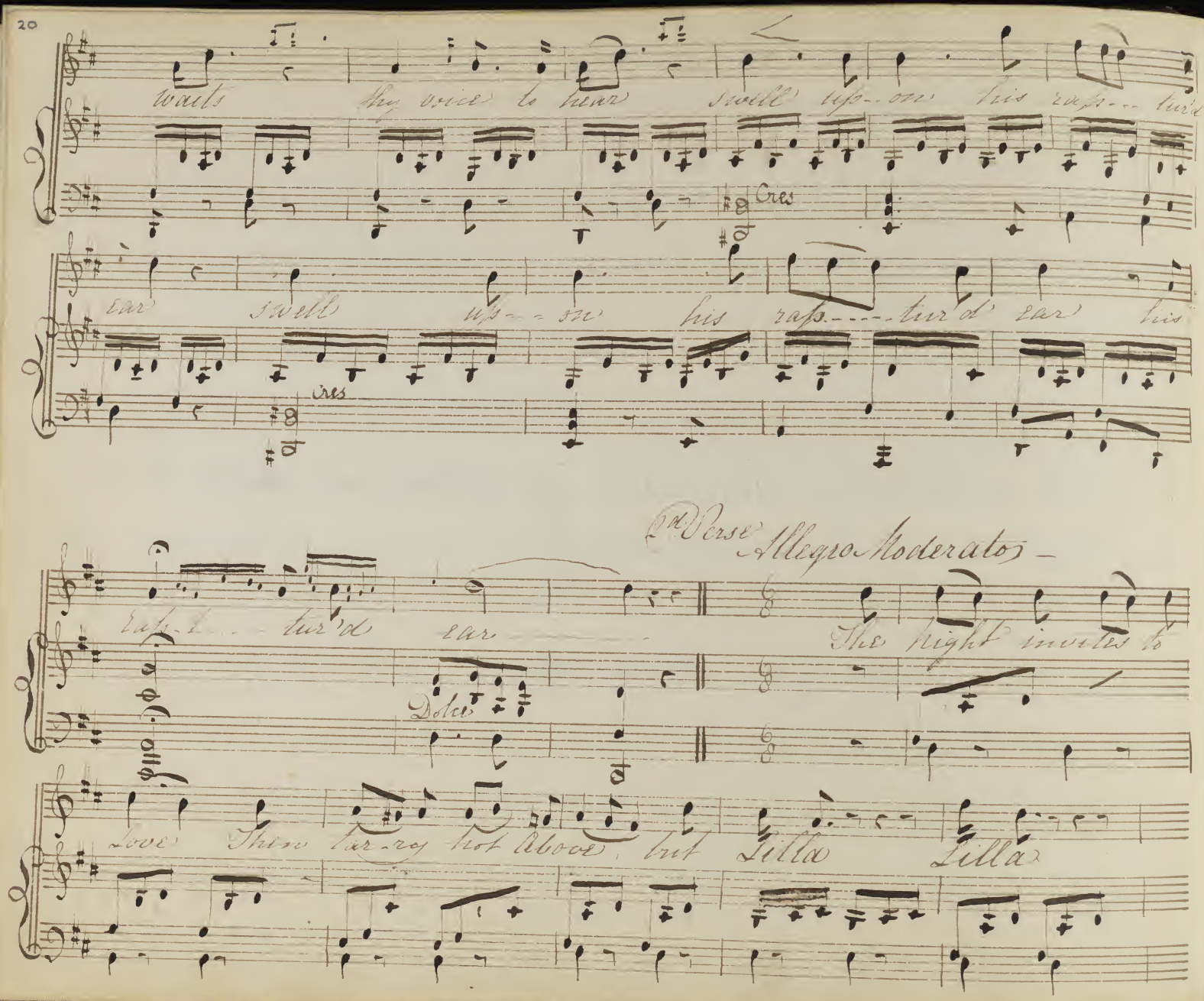
Flutes

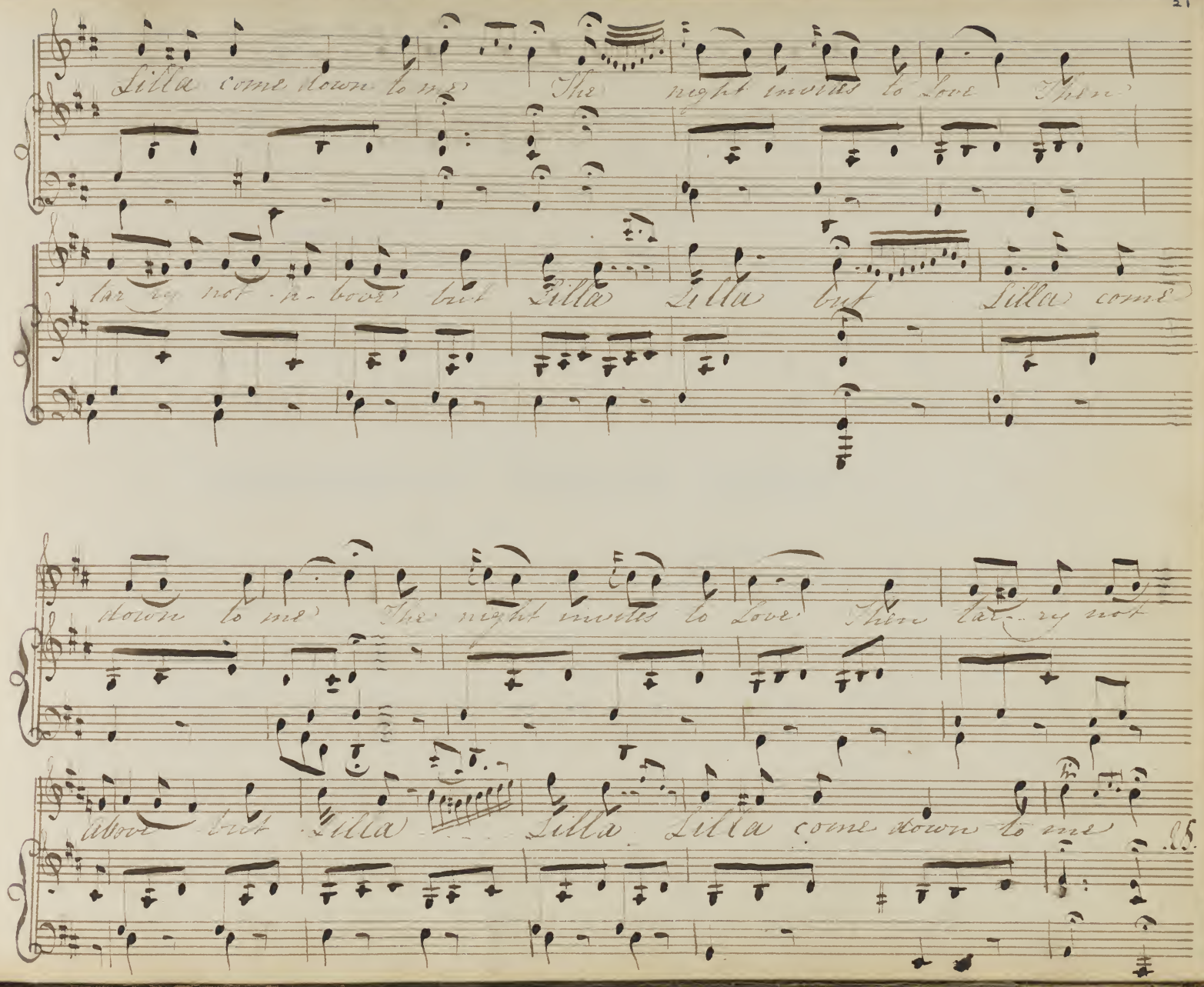
Violoncello

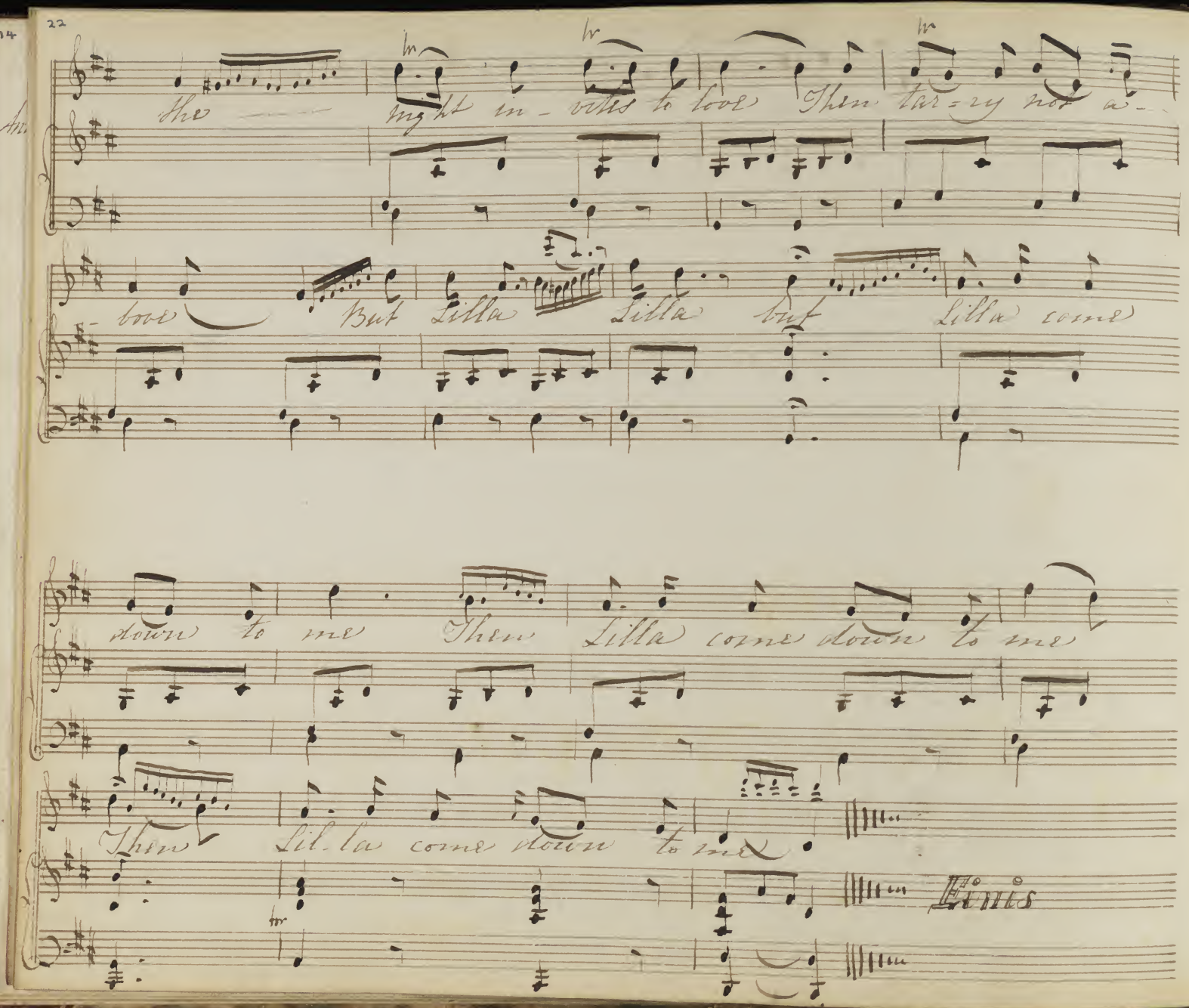
Affettuoso Come dear-est Lilla thy faithful lover Counts

Counts the dear-est minutes over and - loves the

Lilla comes down to me

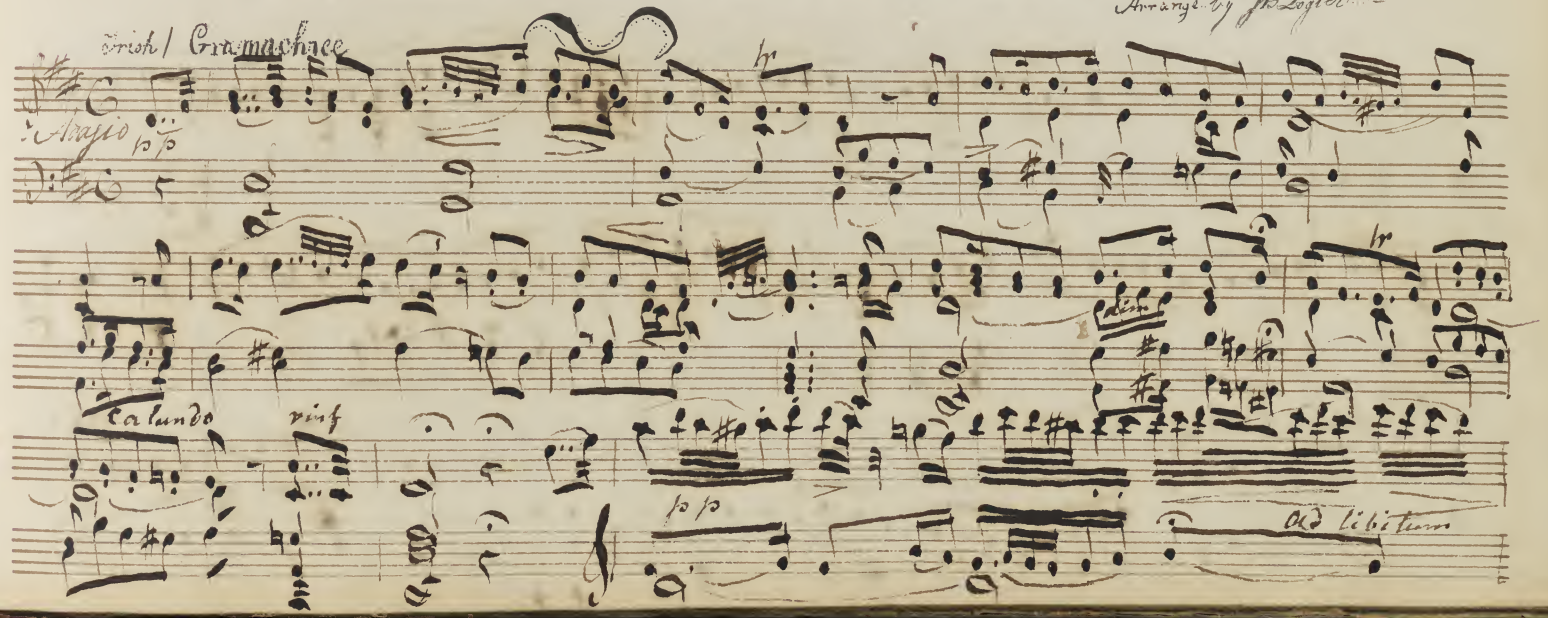

waits thy voice to hear swell up-on his ra-p--- tur'd
Cres
ear swell up-on his ra-p---tur'd ear his
Cres
2d Verse Allegro Moderato
ra-p---tur'd ear
The night invites to
Dolce
Love Thou tar-ry not Above but Lilla Lilla

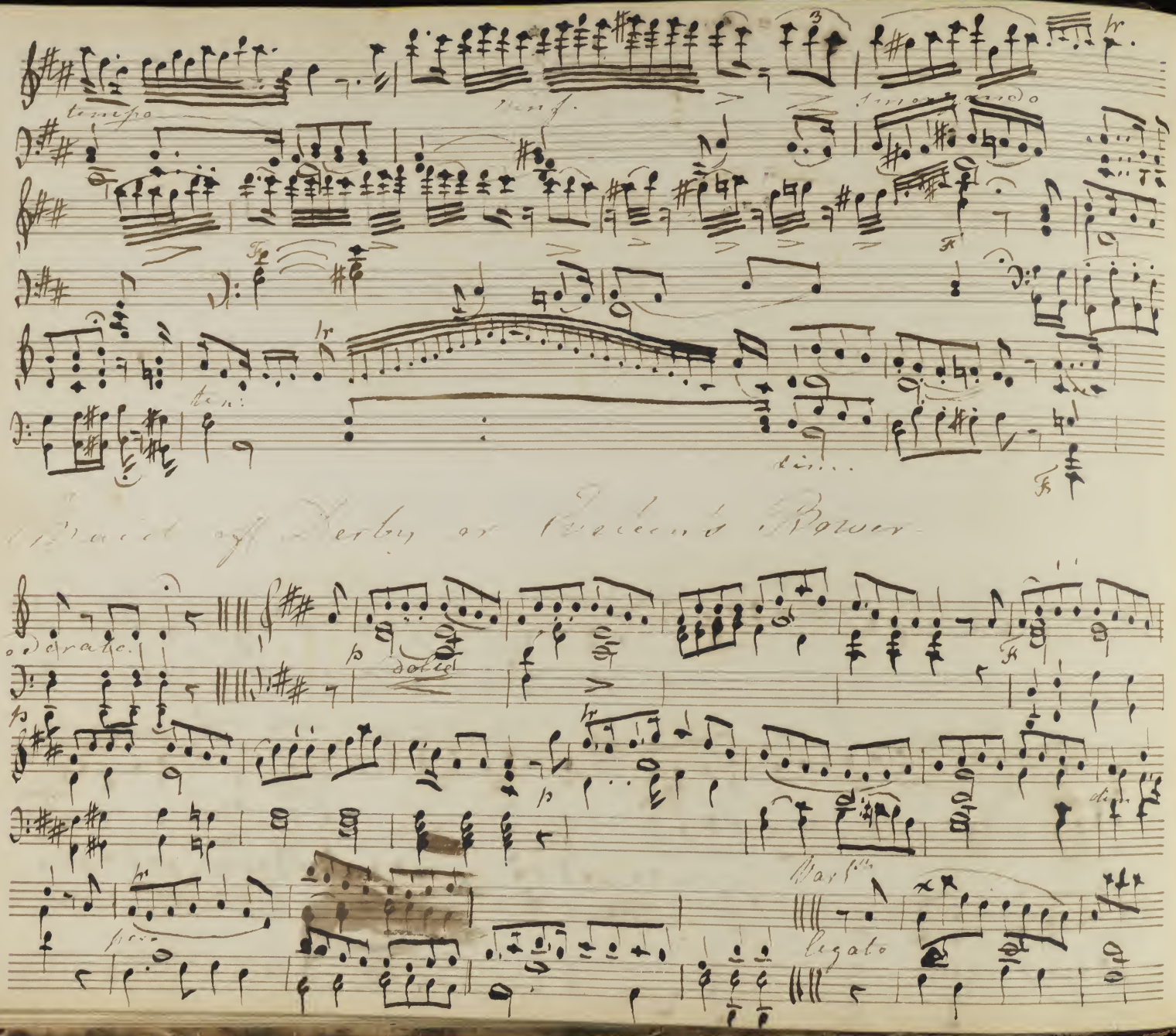

Lilla come down to me The night invites to Love Thou
tar ry not a-boor but Lilla Lilla but Lilla come
down to me The night invites to Love Thou tar ry not
above but Lilla Lilla Lilla come down to me

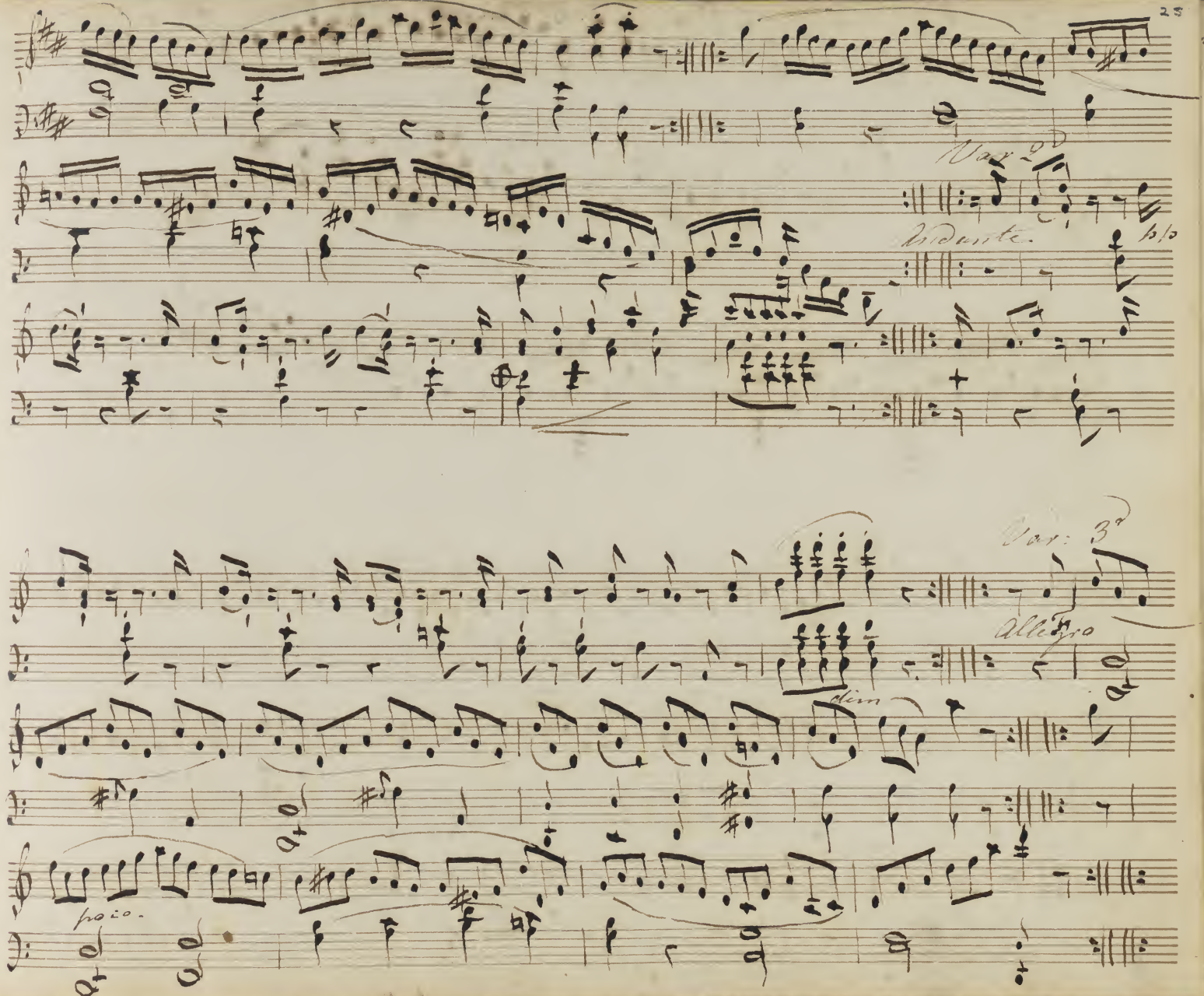

22
Am.
She might in- vites to love Then tar-ry not a-
love But Lilla Lilla but Lilla come
down to me Then Lilla come down to me
Then Lil. la come down to me
Finis

STRAINS OF OTHER DAYS

Arranged by Jh. Logier.



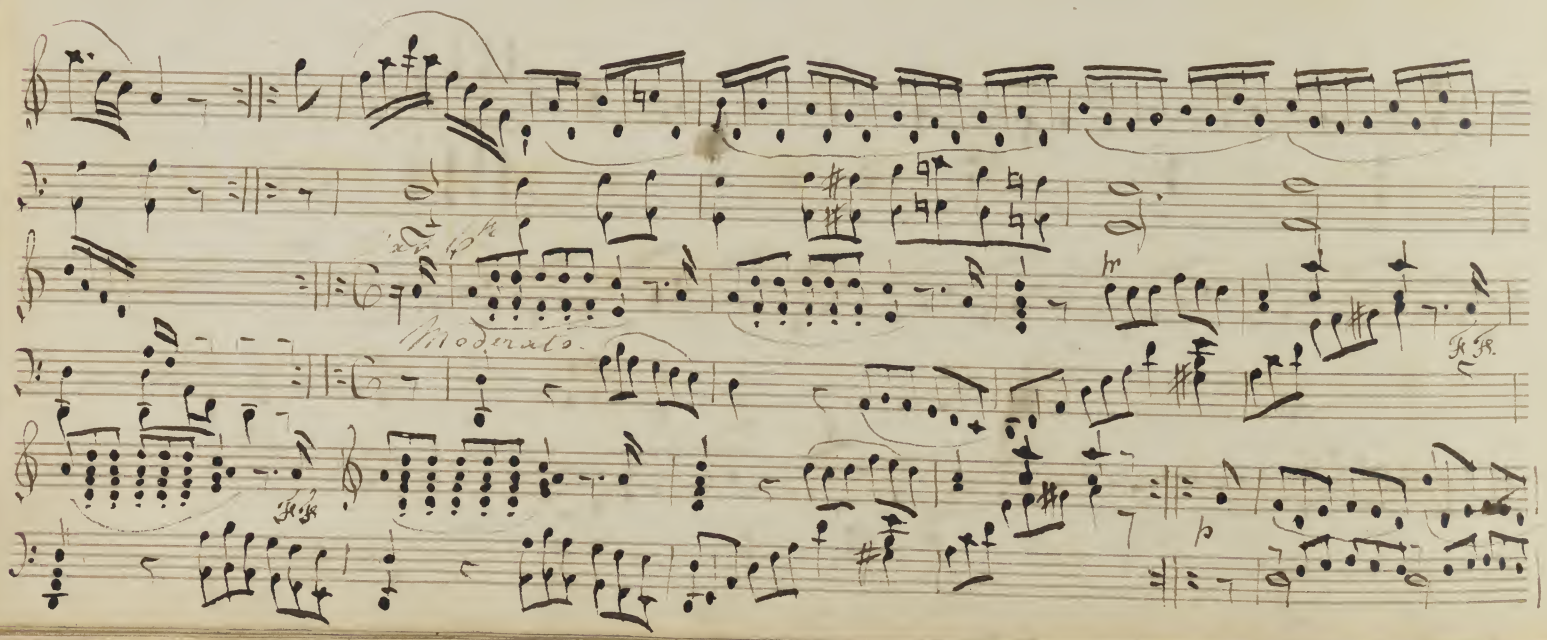

tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

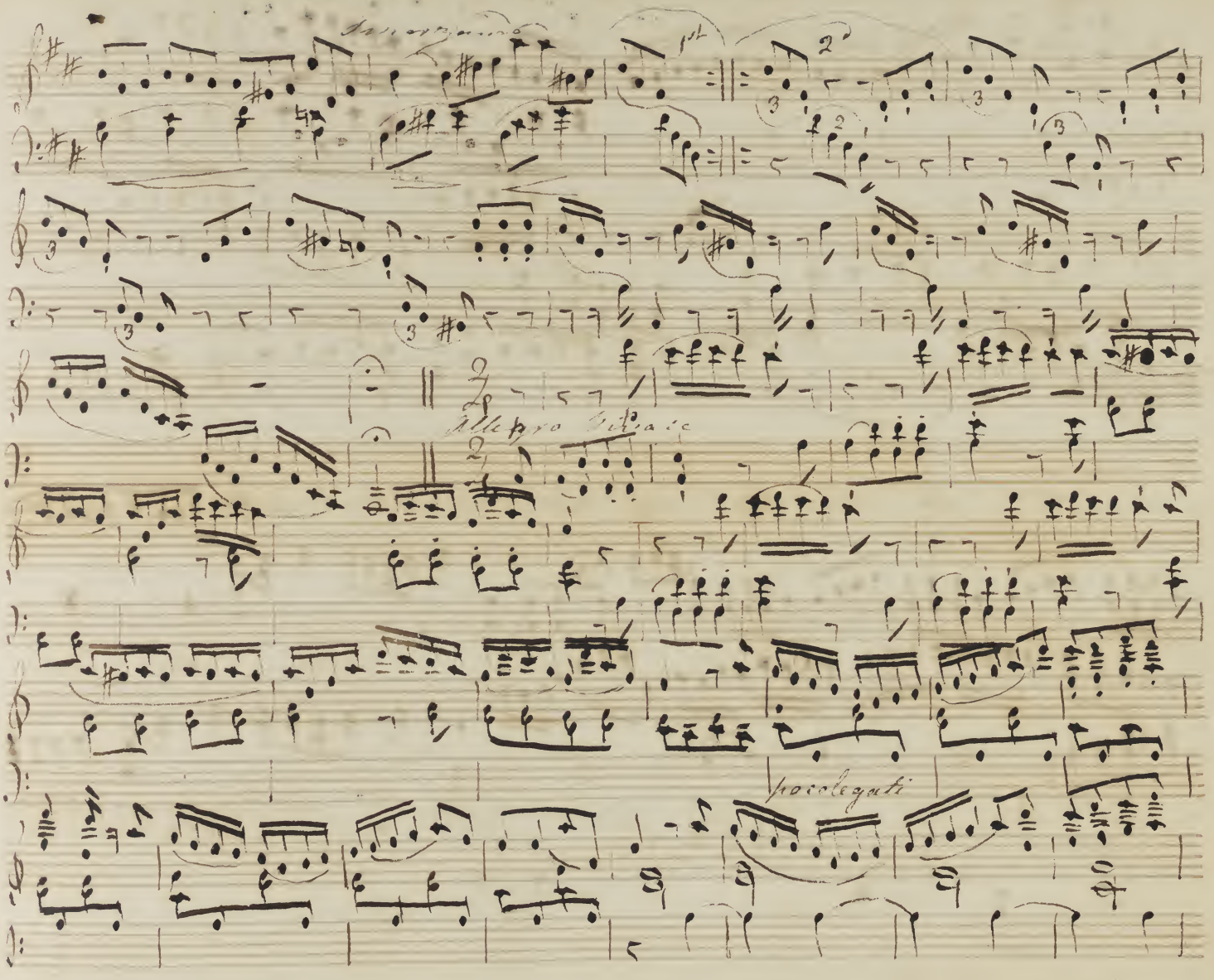

Var: 2d
Andante.
Var: 3d
Allegro
dim
poco.

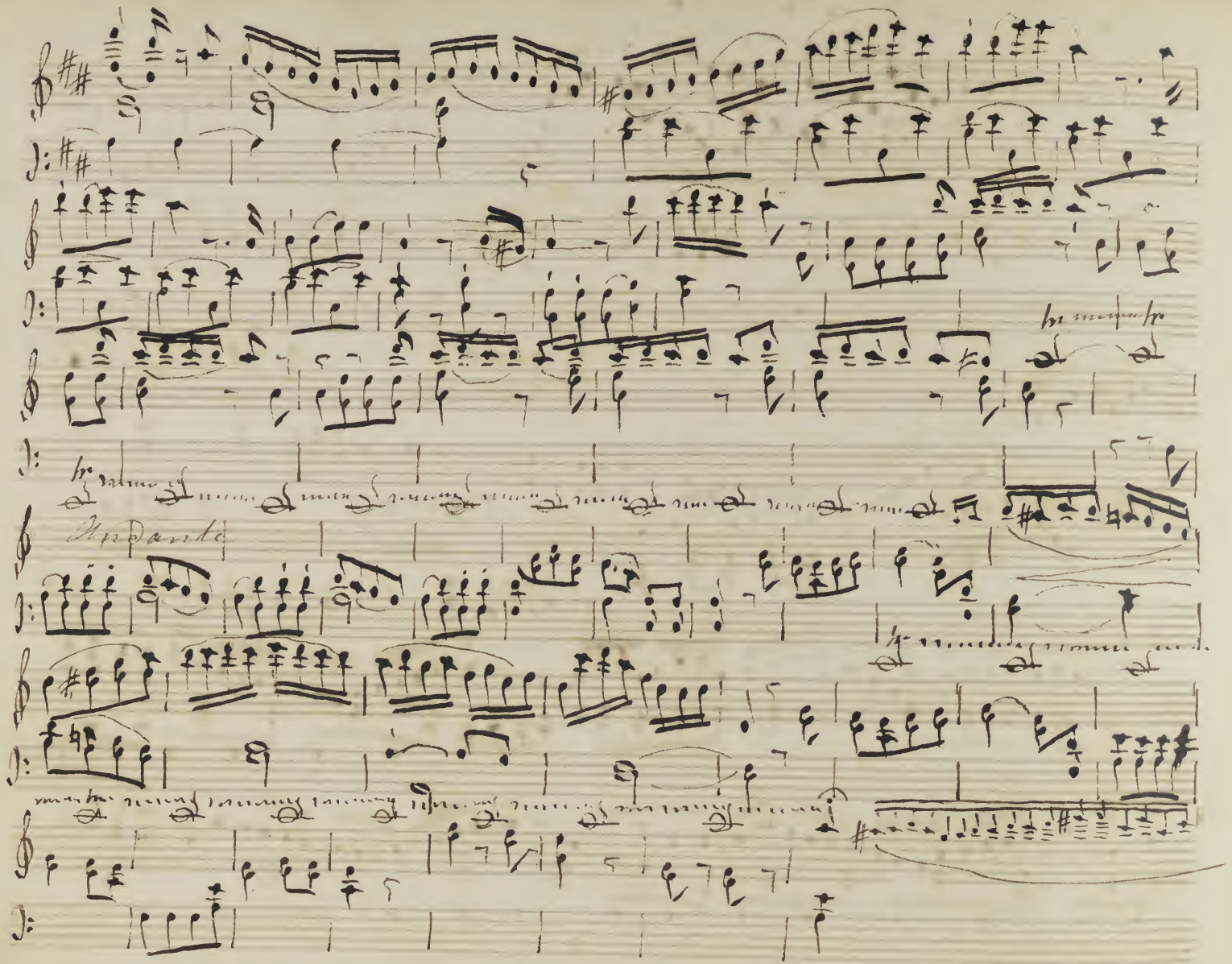
Var 4th

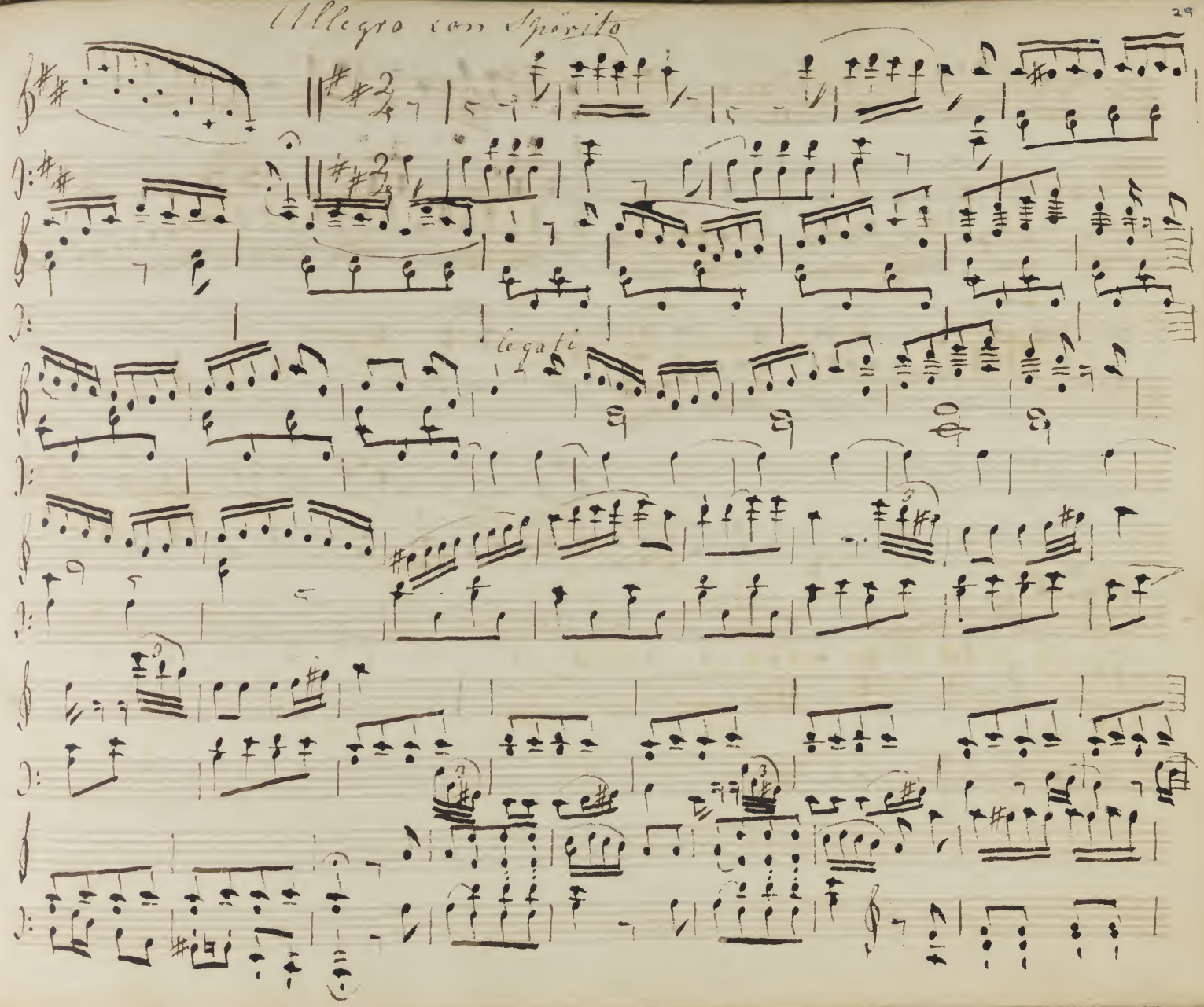
Var 5th Furioso Allegro

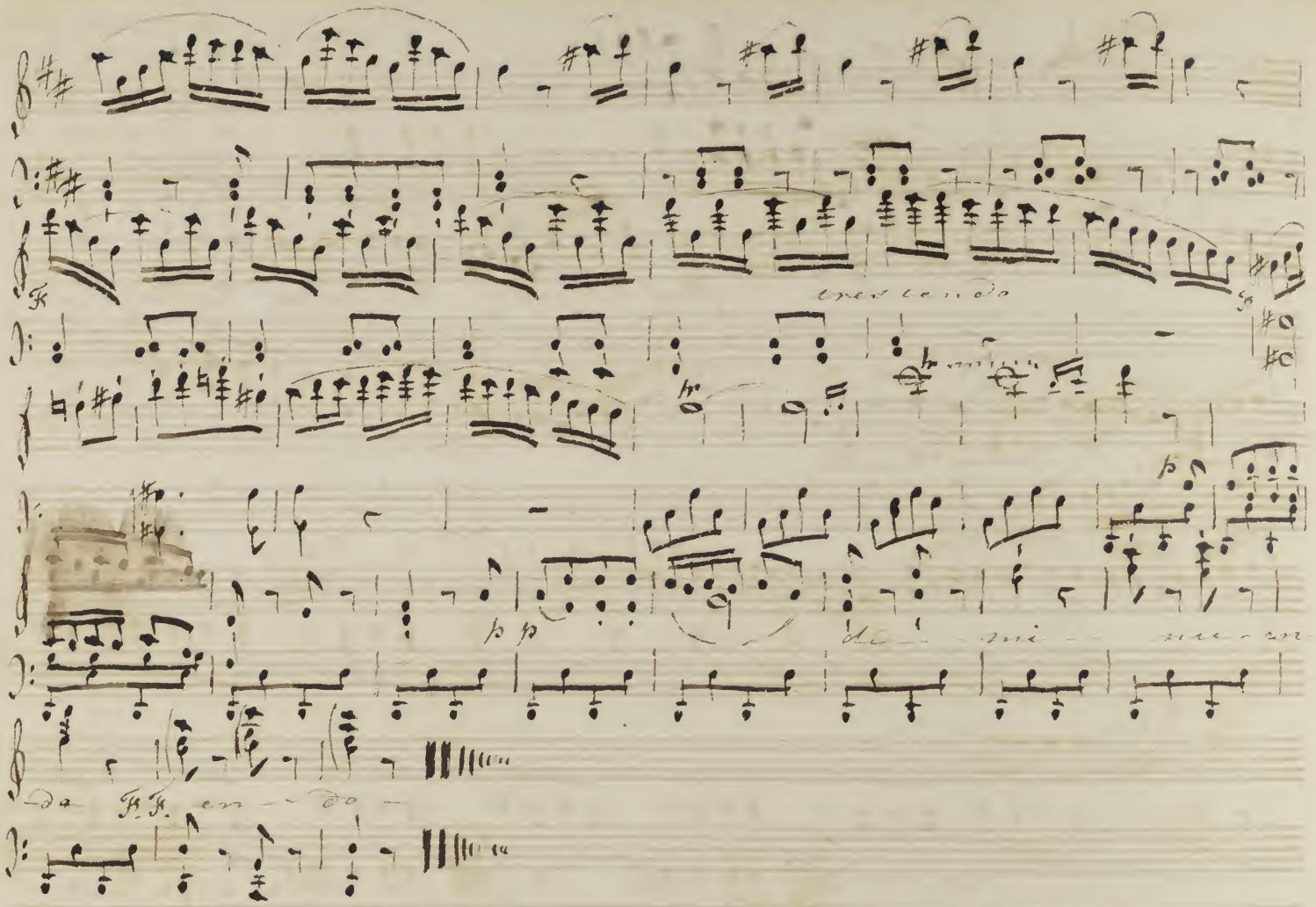
Moderato.




Allegro
poco legati


Andante


Allegro con Spirito
legati


crescendo
da K. K. en - do

The Celebrated Gipsey Song "Cross my hand and you shall know"

By M. Kelly

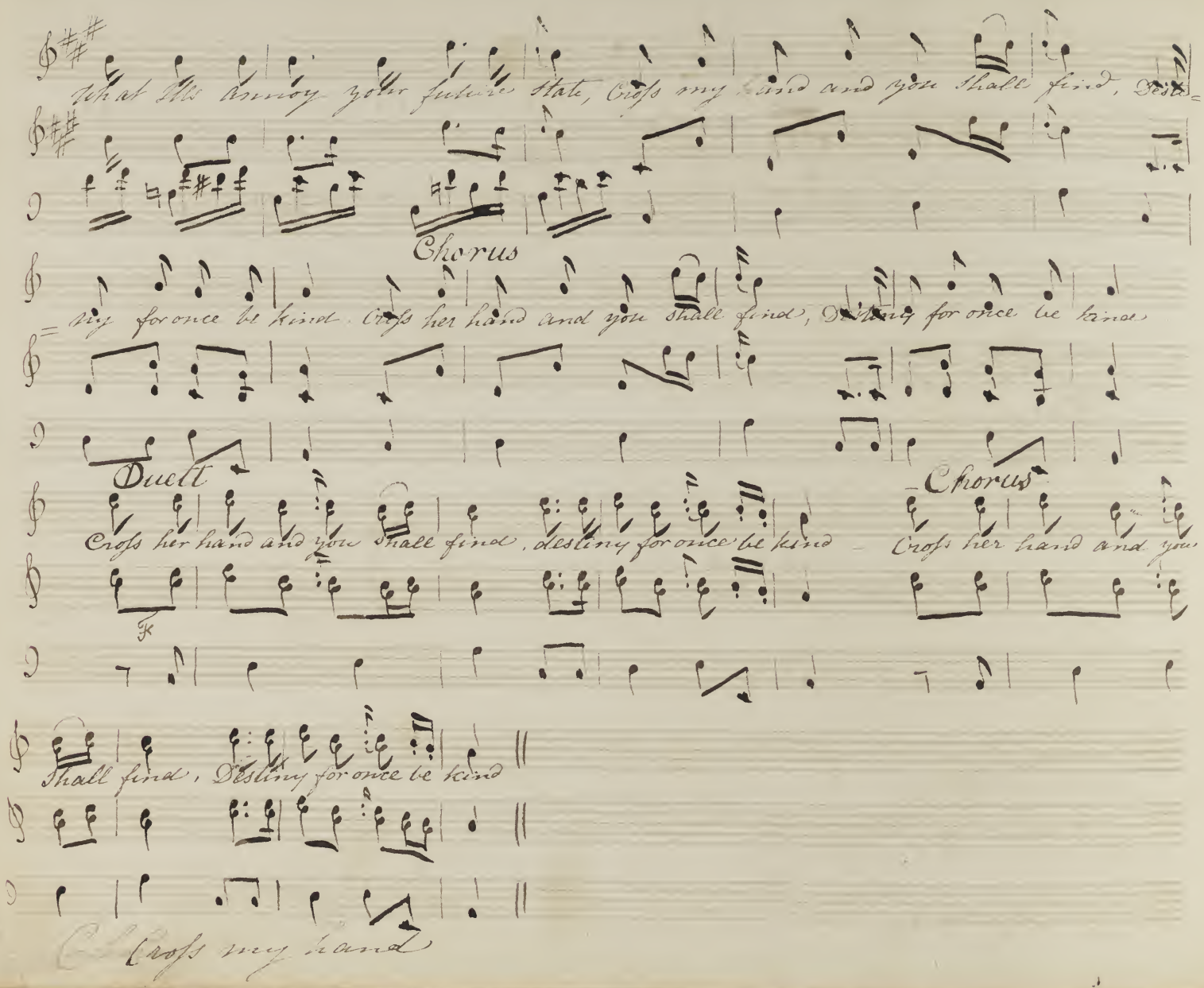
Andante

Cross my hand, Cross my hand, Cross my hand &

you shall know All the Gipsies art can shew, Would you have the past revealed cross' by

knavery conceal'd; Would you know what blessings wait, As

Cross her hand


What I'll Annoy your future state, Cross my hand and you shall find, Desti=
Chorus
=ny for once be kind. Cross her hand and you shall find, Destiny for once be kind
Duett
Chorus
Cross her hand and you shall find, destiny for once be kind — Cross her hand and you
Fk
Shall find, Destiny for once be kind
Cross my hand

2

Shrunk from Splendor let your State
Be respected, though Not great
Let Not Vanity engage, your mind to trifle with your age

All your flaunting days are over
Never will you lure a lover
From Ovid read some holy text, And drop this world & seek the past
chorus { Cross her hand &c &c – &c

What a various lot is thine!
Many a strange, perplexing line
Thro' this palm, with cutting Stripe, Mark the quiet of thy life

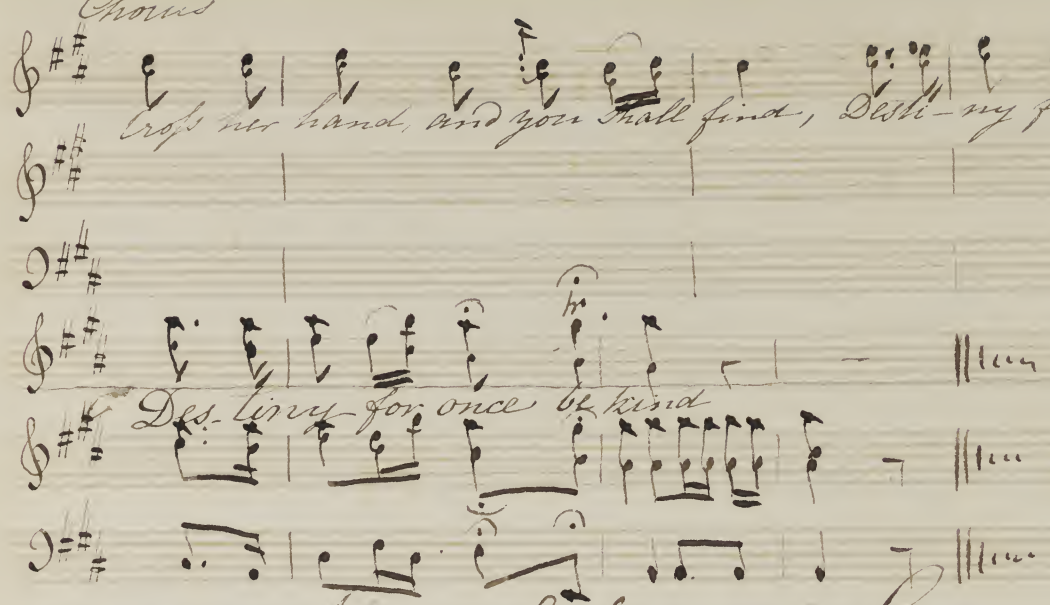
When what is deemed thy greatest loss
Is the chief Champion of the Cross
When wealth & power consent to join a lovers noble hand to thine

Coda
{Chorus}
Cross her hand & you shall find, Destiny for once be kind, Destiny for once be

Destiny

Cross my hand

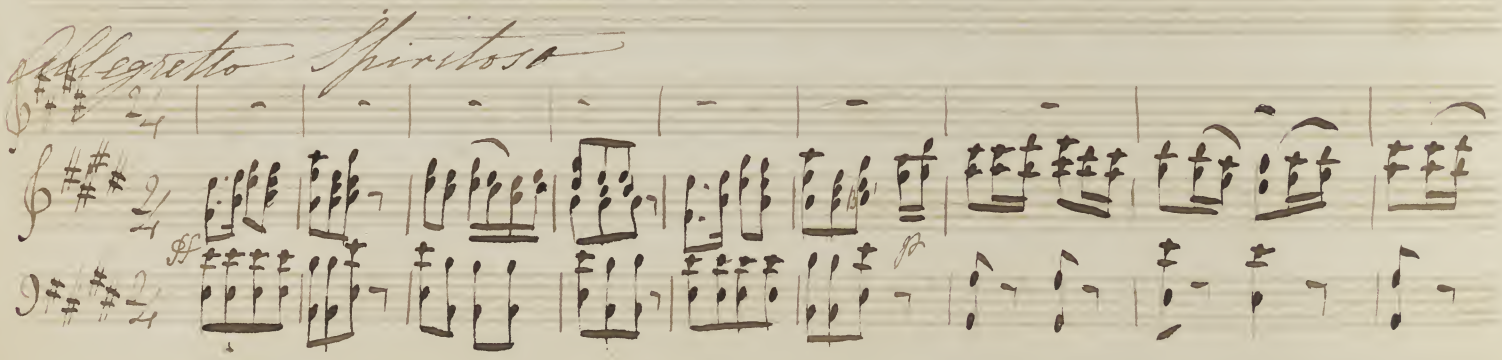
Chorus

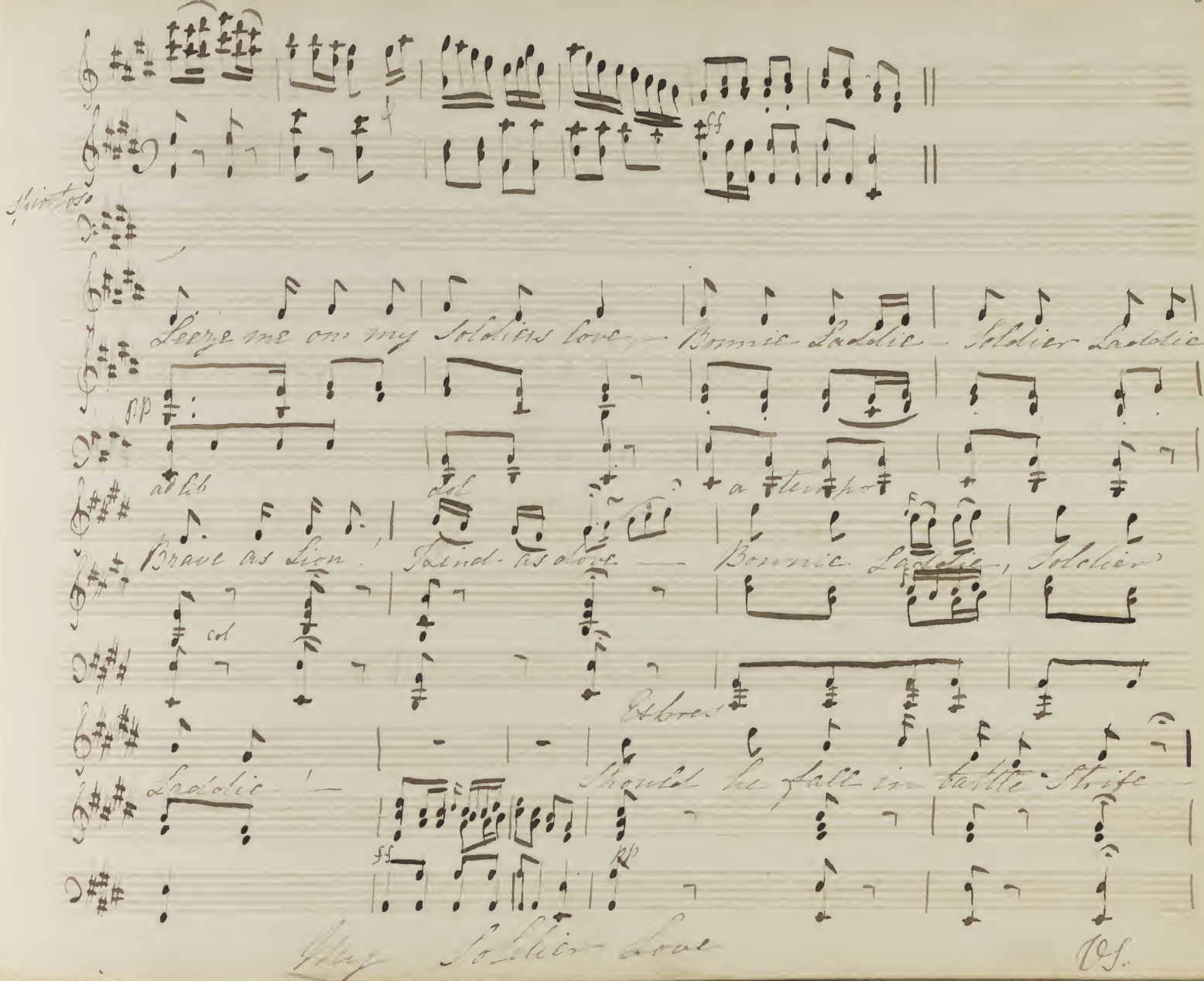


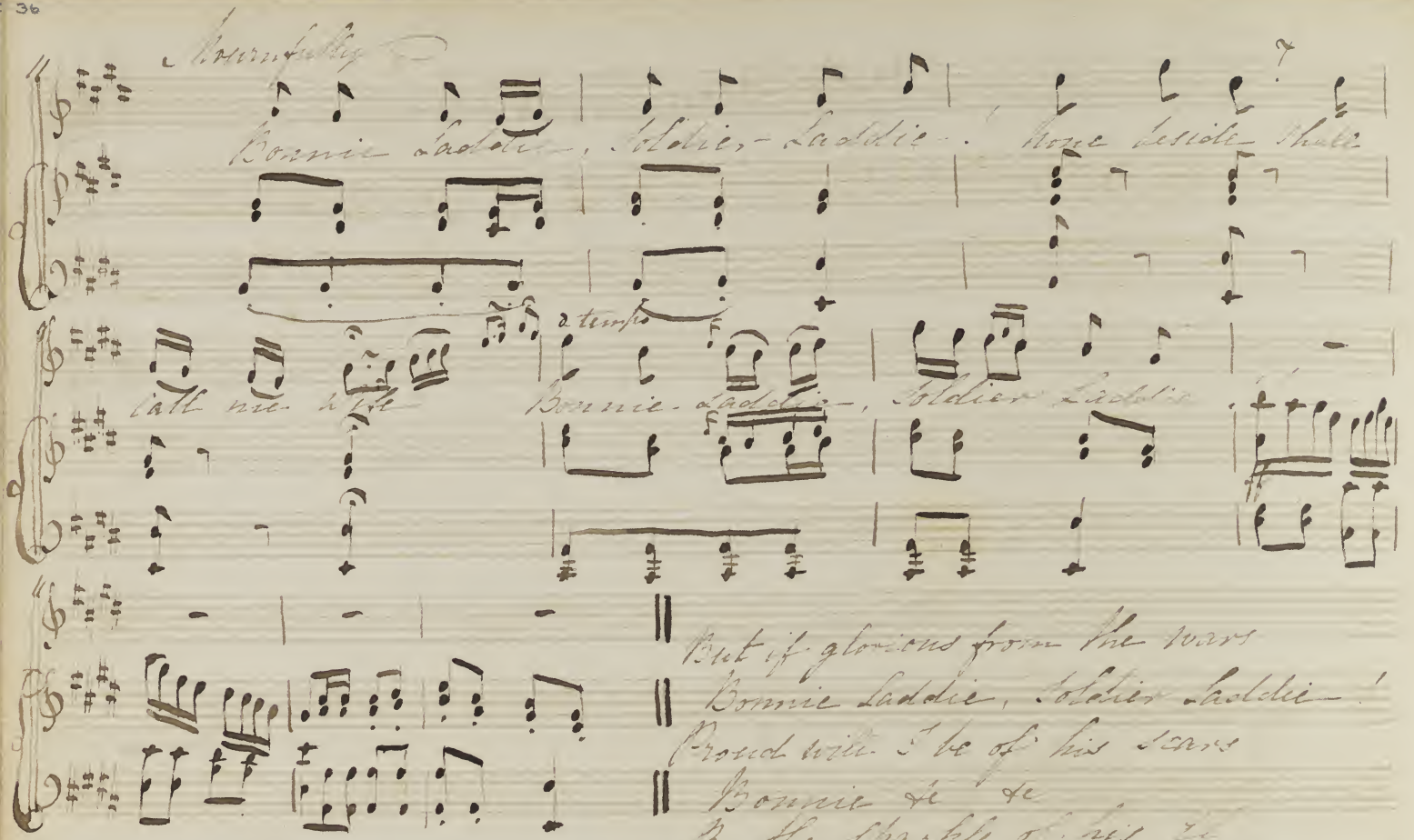
My Soldier Love —

Sung by Miss Stephens in the Antiquary — H. R. Bishop

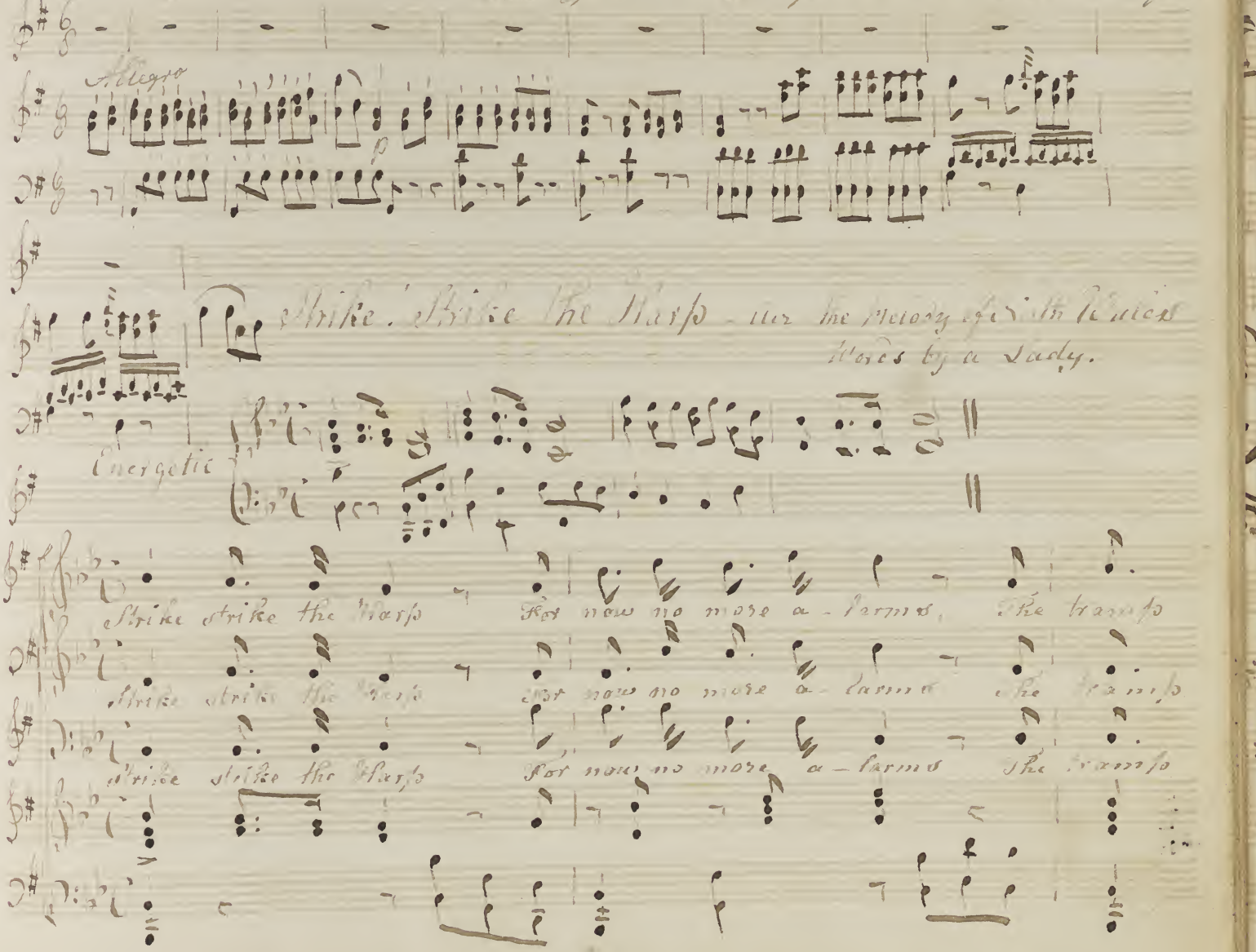
Allegretto Spiritoso

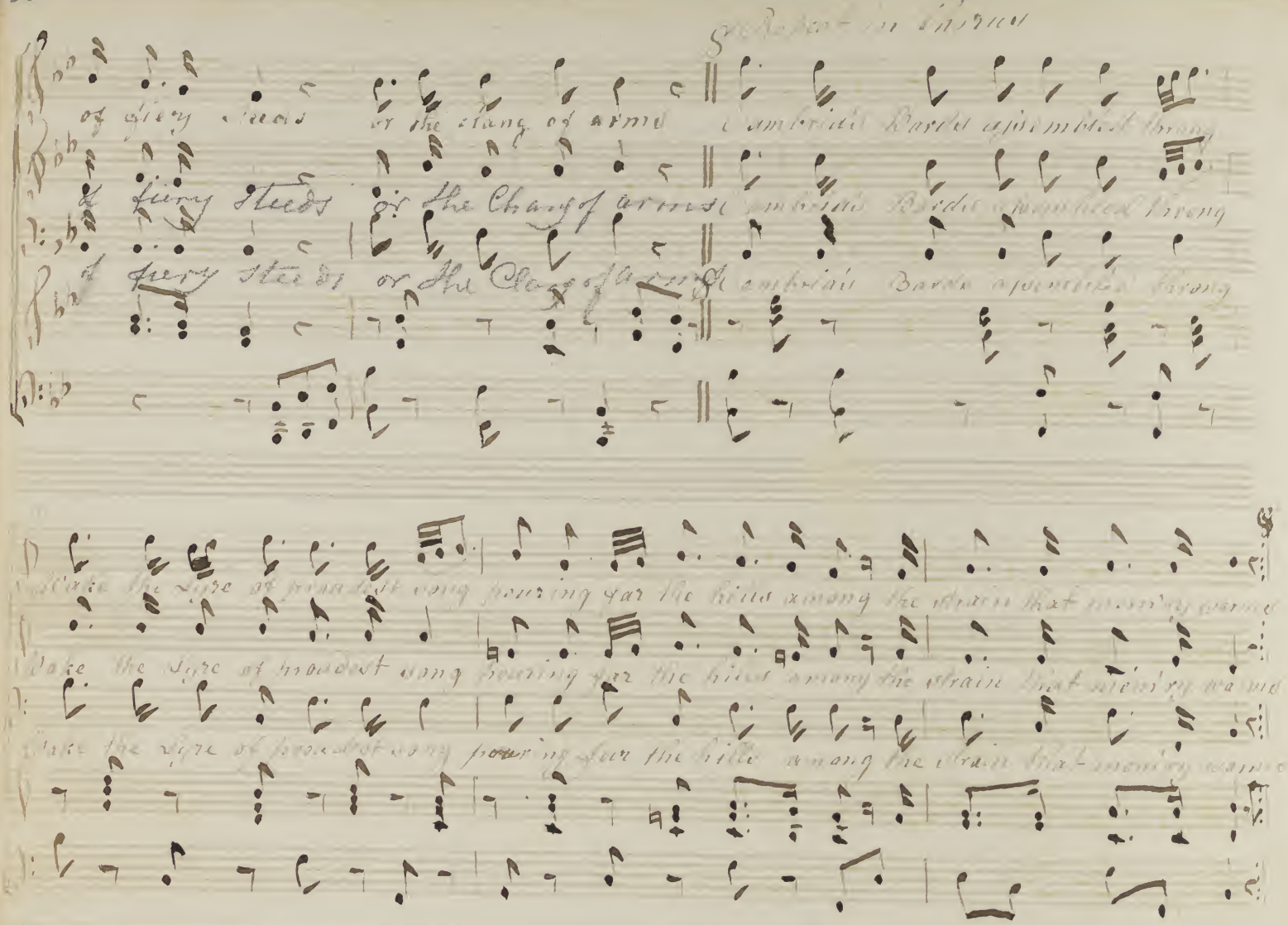


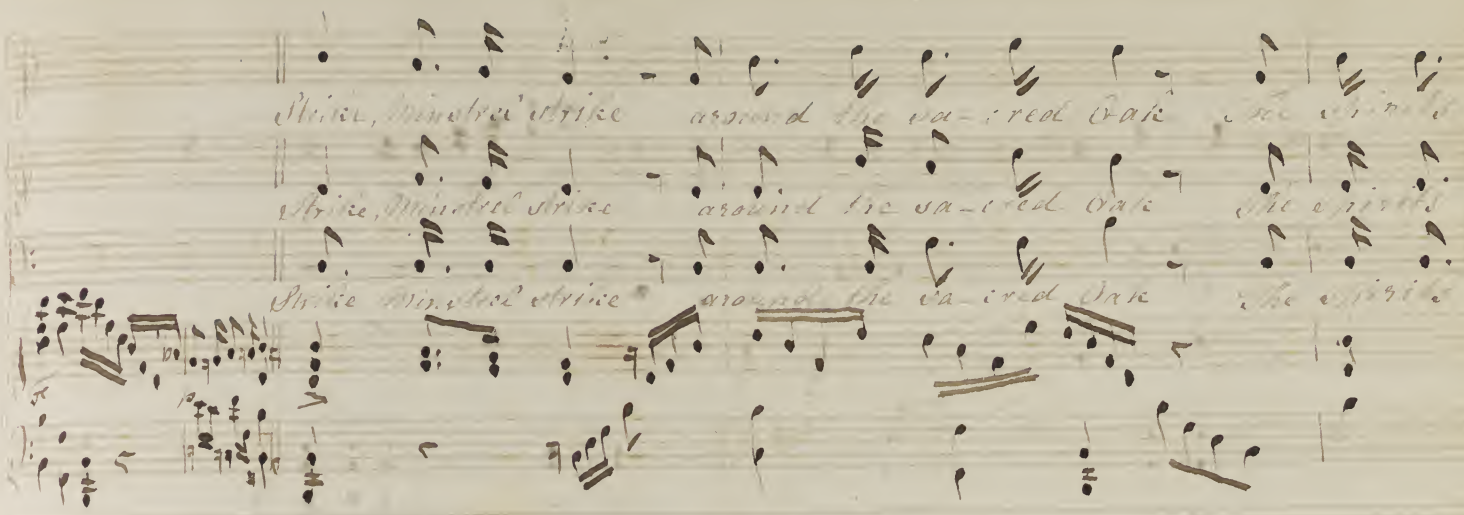

Virtuoso
ff
Leave me on my Soldiers love — Bonnie Laddie — Soldier Laddie!
pp
ad lib
a tempo
Brave as Lion, Sound as dove — Bonnie Laddie, Soldier
col
Laddie! —
Should he fall in battle Strife —
ff
pp
Leave Soldier Love
D.S.

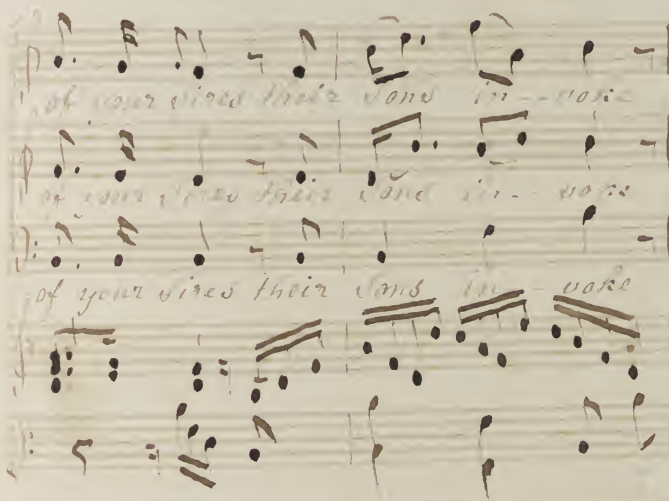

Bonnie Laddie, Soldier Laddie, None Lesside Shall
Bonnie Laddie, Soldier Laddie
But if glorious from the wars
Bonnie Laddie, Soldier Laddie!
Crowned with Fame & his Scars
Bonnie &c &c
By the Sparkle of his Eye
Bonnie &c &c
None, I ken, be Lover but me-

Giovinetta, che fate all'amore - Duetto
Nel Opera Il don Giovanni — Mozart



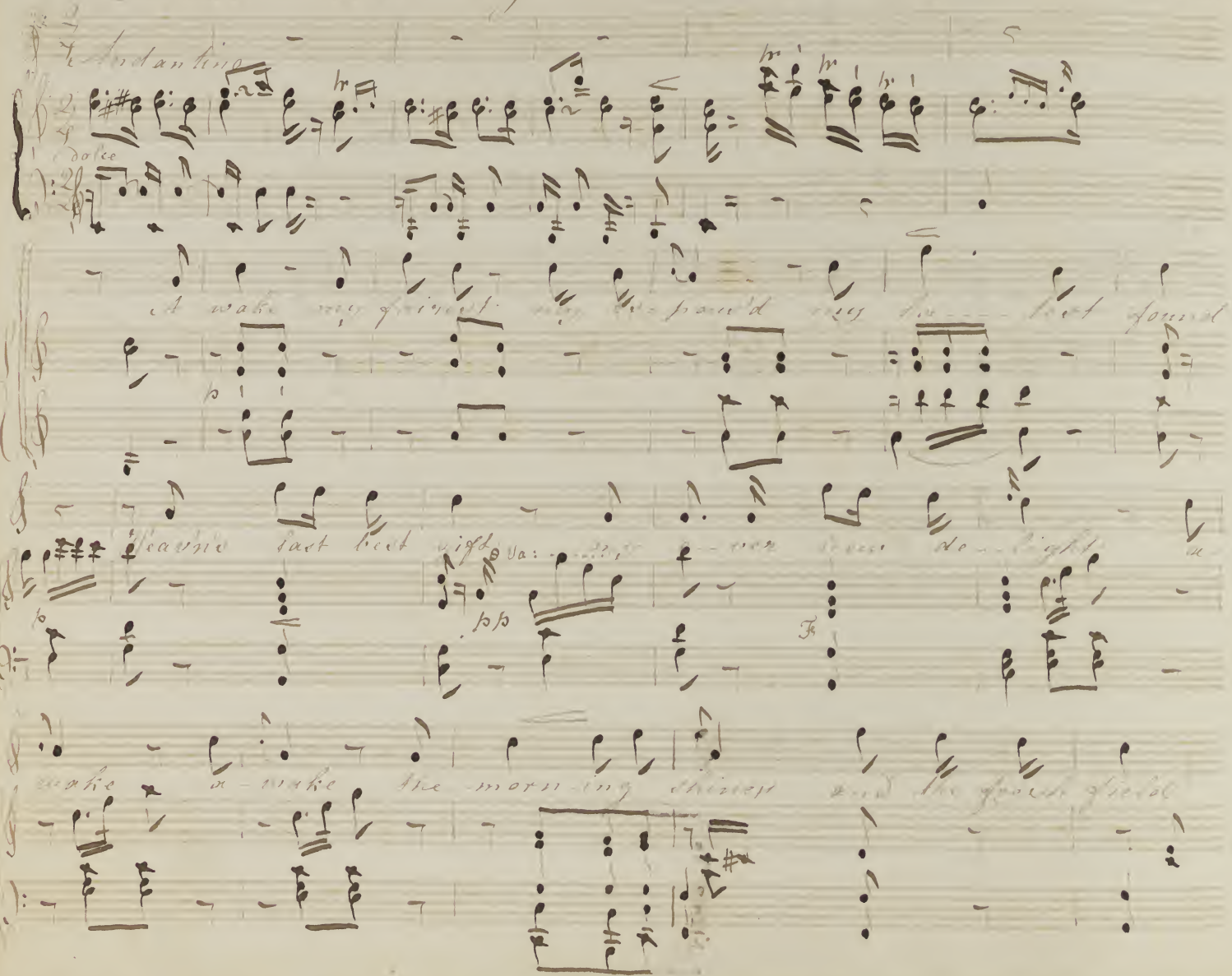

of fiery steeds or the clang of arms
& fiery steeds or the clang of arms
& fiery steeds or the clang of arms
take the sign of broadest wing pouring far the hills among the strain that
take the sign of broadest wing pouring far the hills among the strain that
take the sign of broadest wing pouring far the hills among the strain that

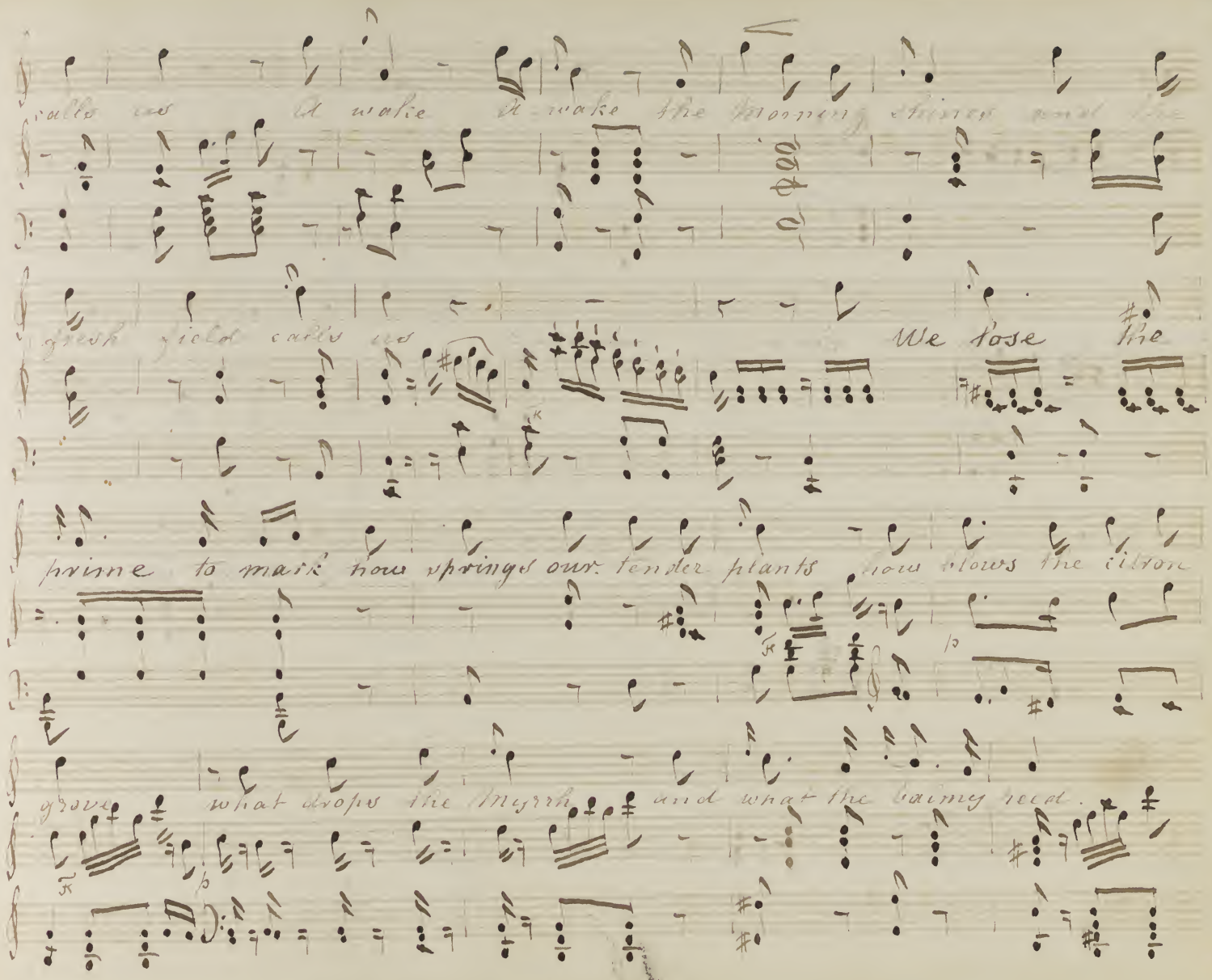


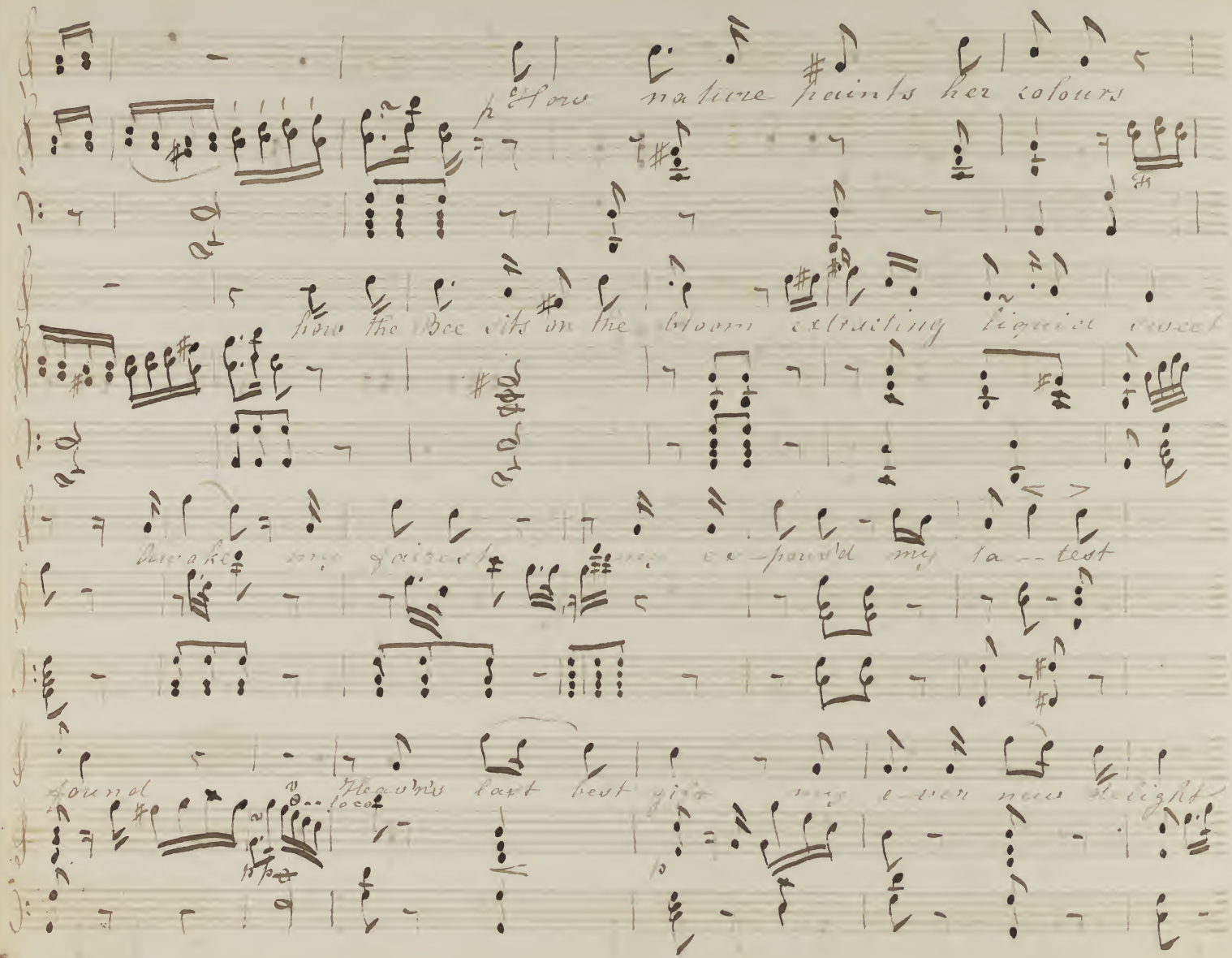


And see in native lustre bright,
Thy lore resume its pristine light,
That erst, mid discord's hapless night
Sunk 'neath oppression's yoke.
Strike, strike again! they genius now appears;
O'er Snowdon's lofty brow, her head she rears:
Again shall Music's heavenly note
O'er hill and Valley sweetly float,
And bards with tales of days remote
Wake love and beauty's tears.

Laura's Morning Call to Love — by Pio Louis Franchettini




calls us
O wake
O wake the morning shines and the
fresh field calls us
We lose the
prime to mark how springs our tender plants how flows the citron
grove what drops the myrrh and what the balmy reed.


p Flora natura paints her colours
How the Bee sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet
Awake soft passion in each heart expir'd my la – test
Round Heaven's best best gift may e – ver new delight
loco

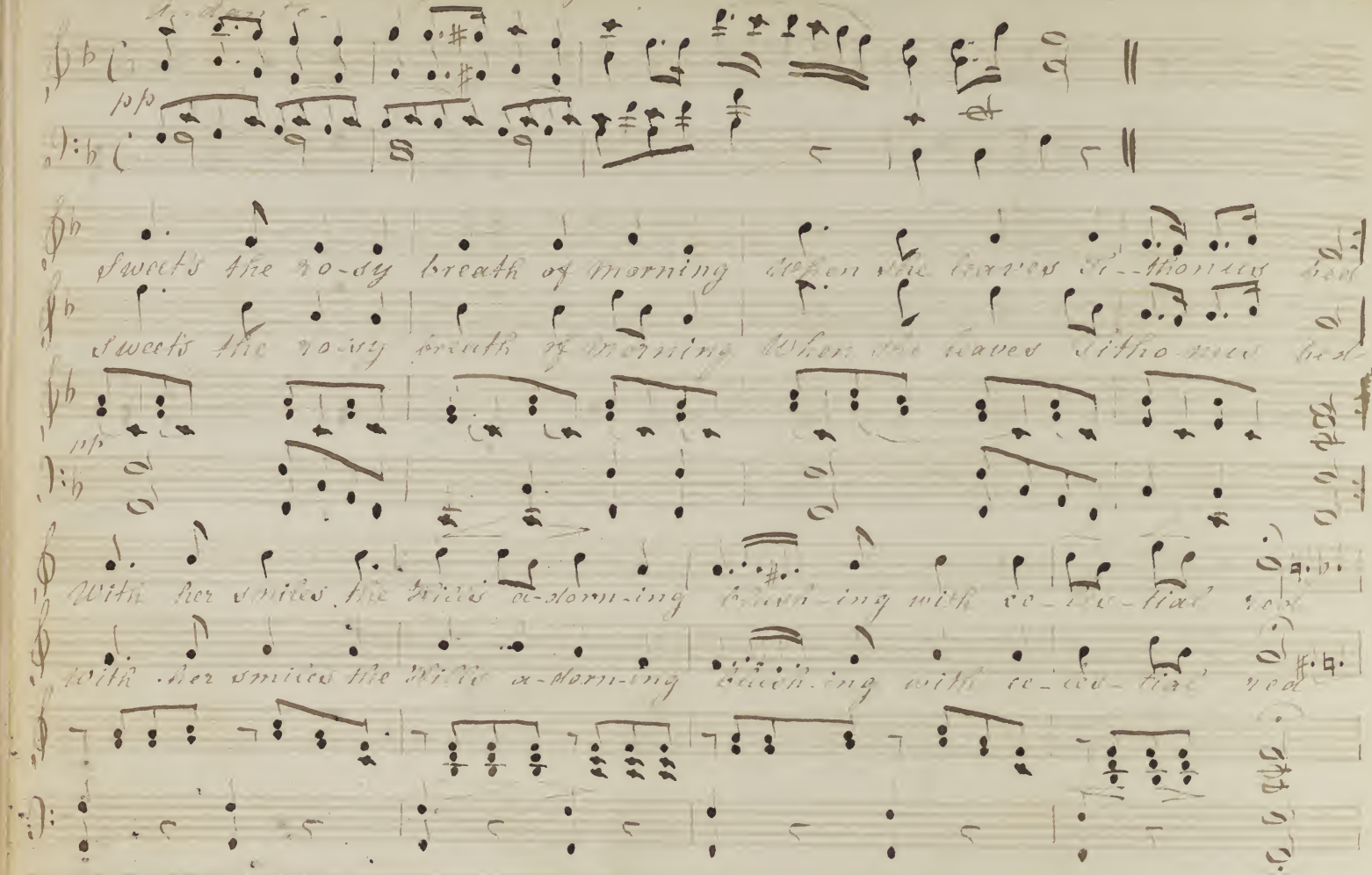
O wake O make my ever new de-light de-

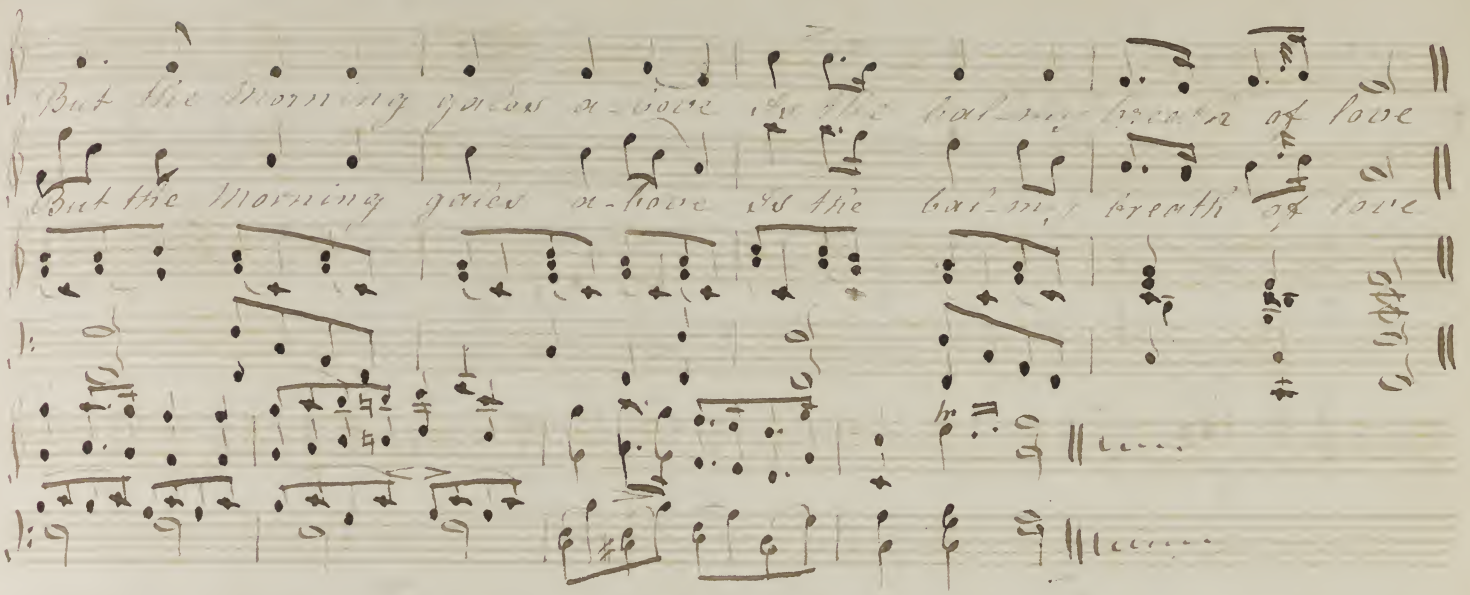
a piacere

wake heav'nly last best gift my e-ver new de-light O.

O wake loco O wake!

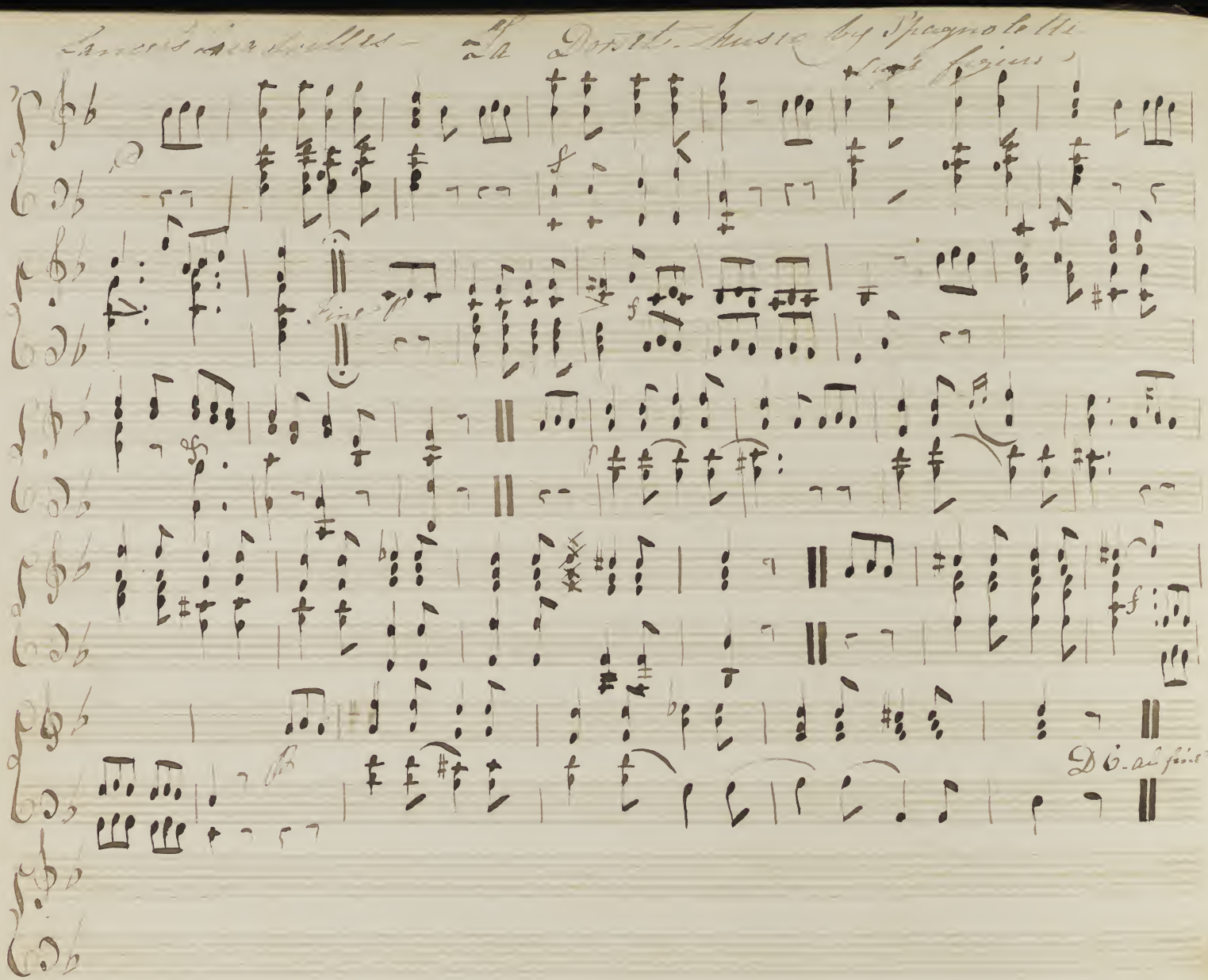
Sweets the rosy breath of morning - Air Rousseau's Dream - Accompaniment by Viola

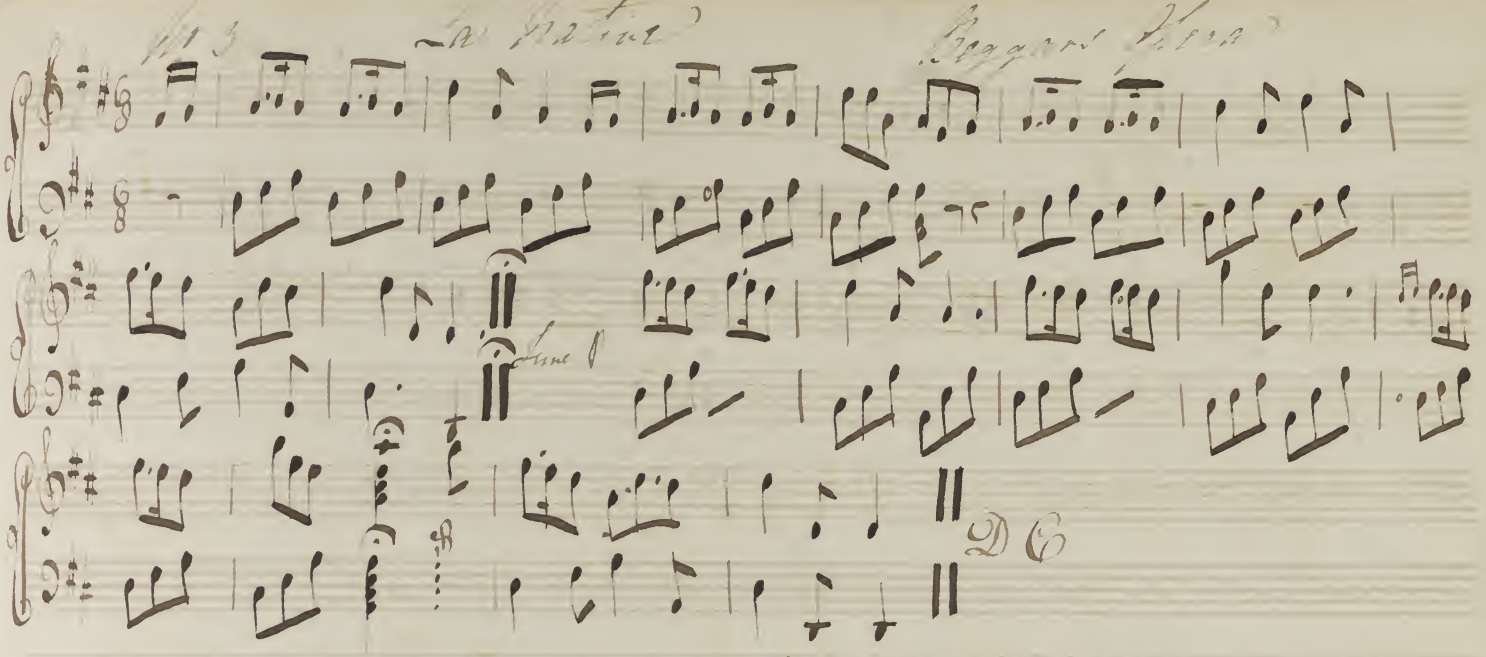




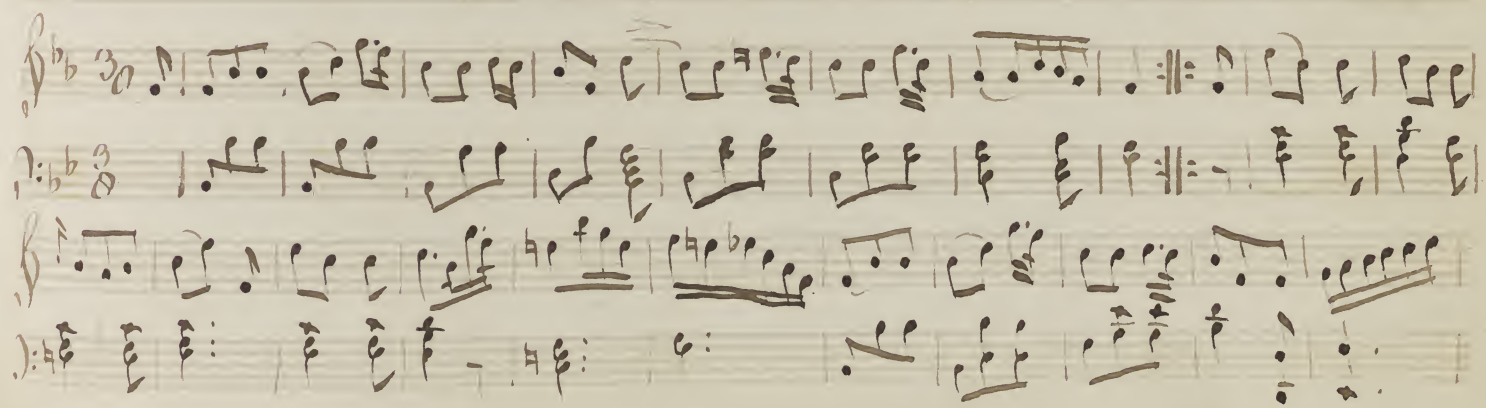
Sweet the Wine's fragrant treasure
Culld from every flow'r that blows –
Wafting gales of health and pleasure
Soft inviting to repose – – But the &c &c –

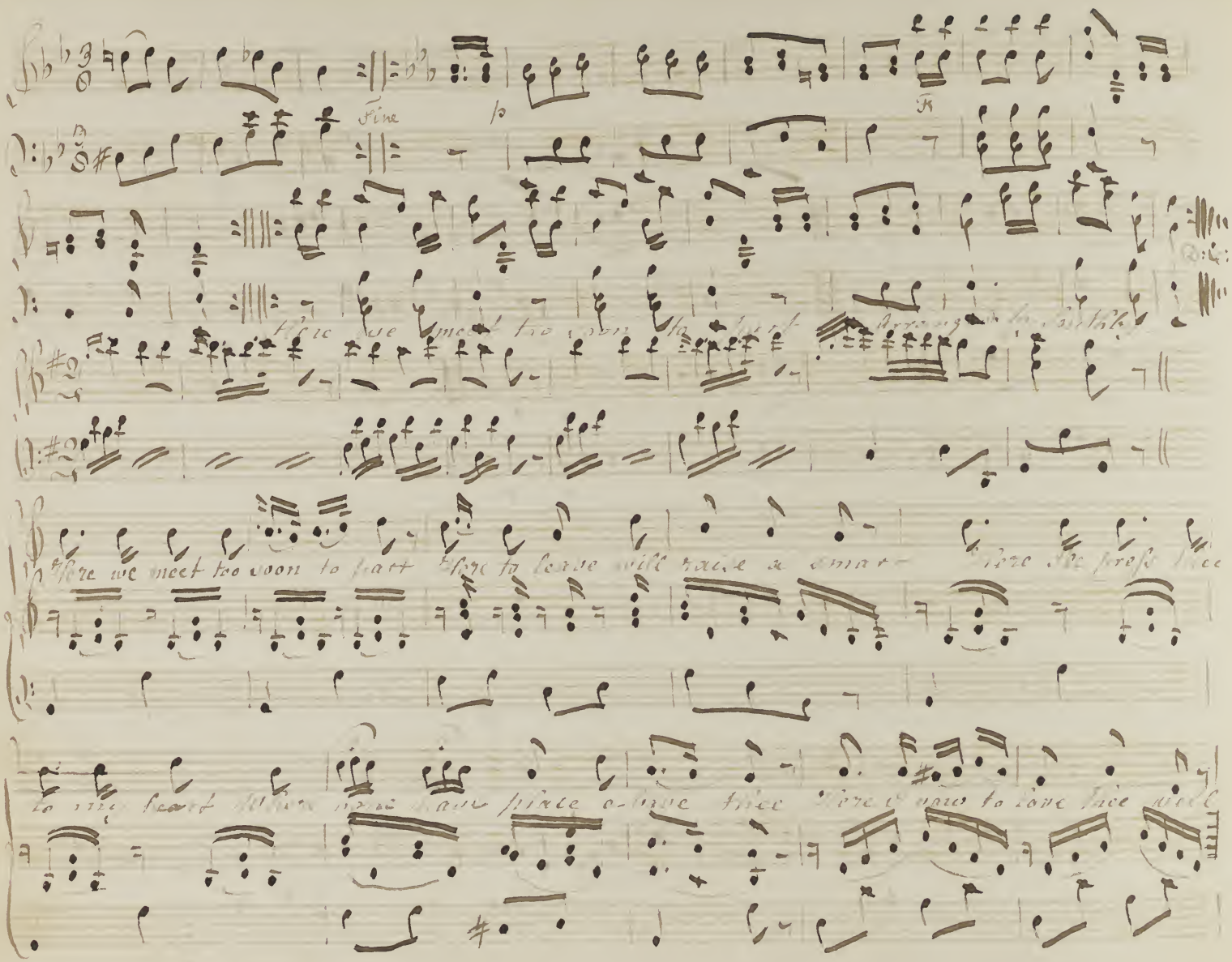
Sweet is Mirth's convivial hour,
Wine and Song the fancy firing –
Sweeter still is friendship's power
Purer, softer joys inspiring – But all others must to those
Yield the Empire of the Heart –

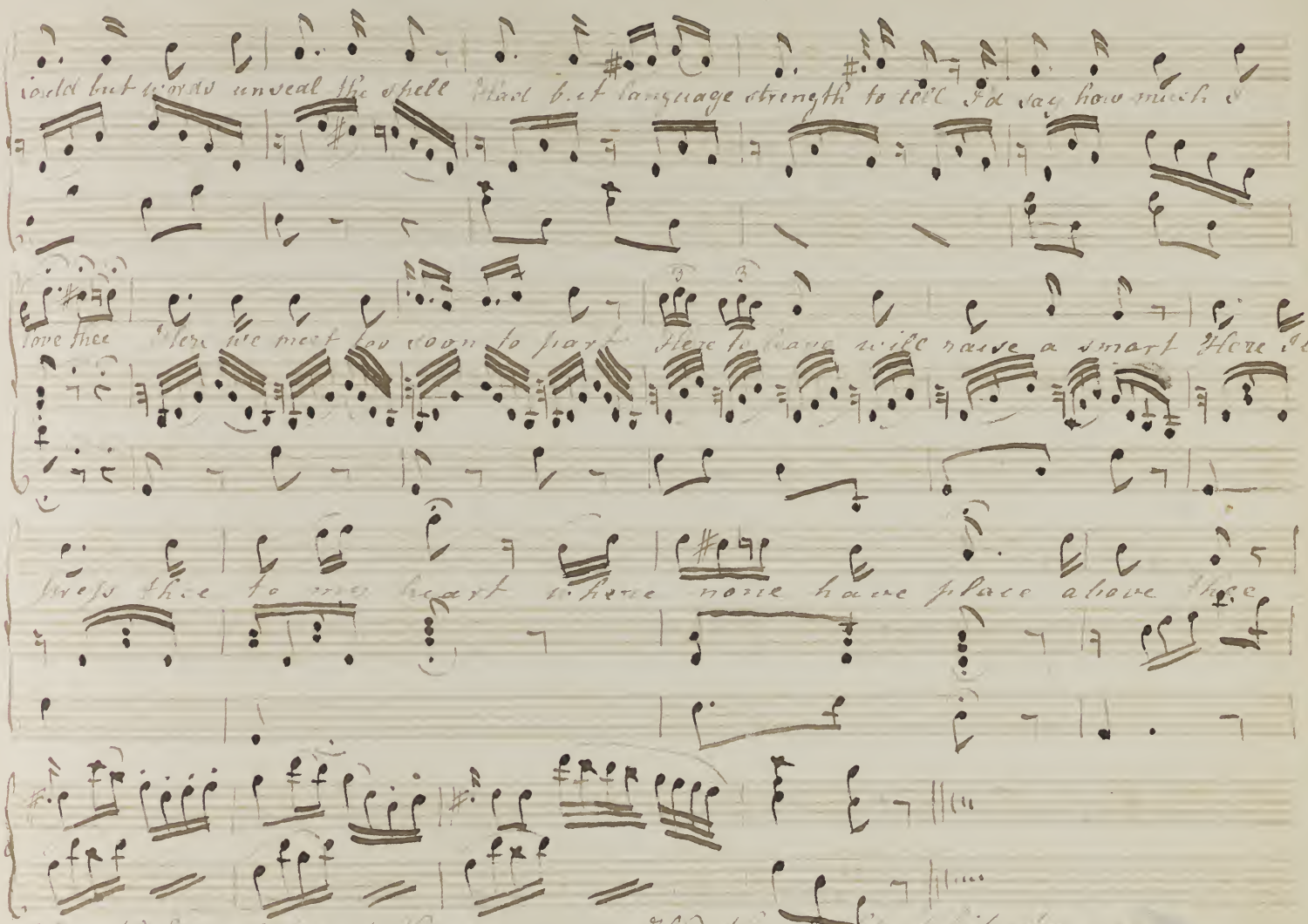

Da 6. da fine

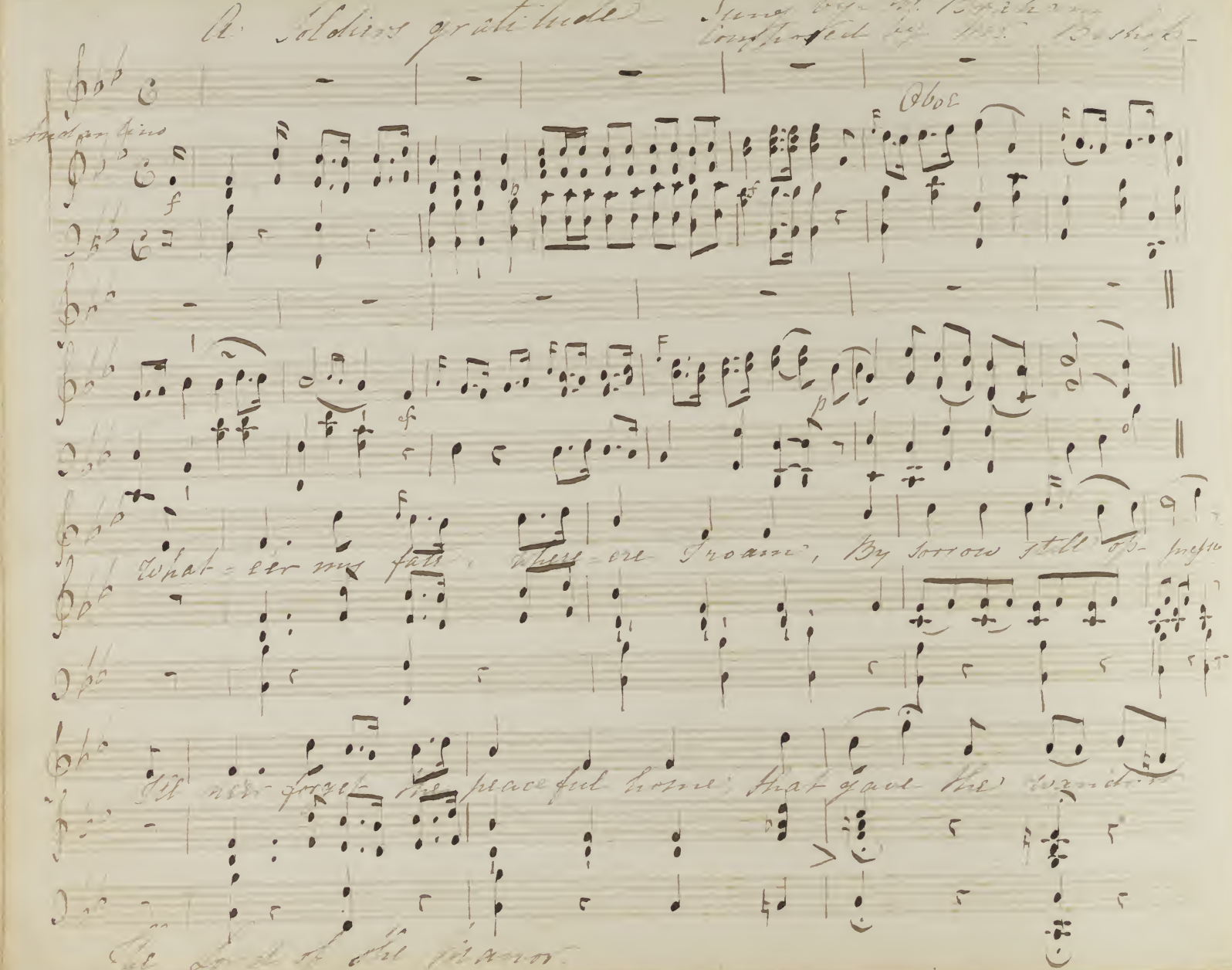


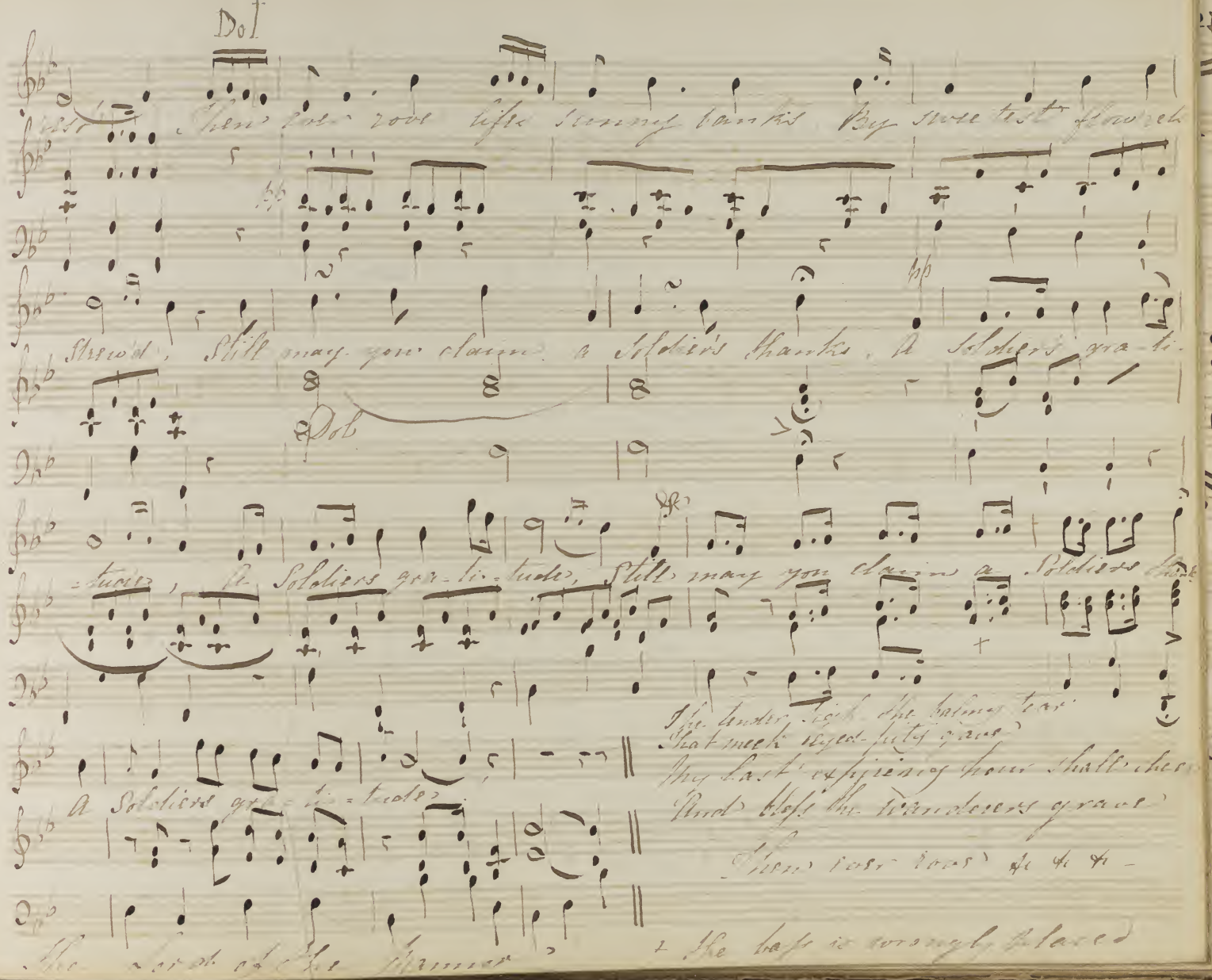
The Countess of Warnham's Waltz. Spagnoletti.




Fine
Fine we meet too soon to part Fine to love will raise a smart Fine we press Fine
to my heart Fine we have Fine love Fine Fine now to love Fine

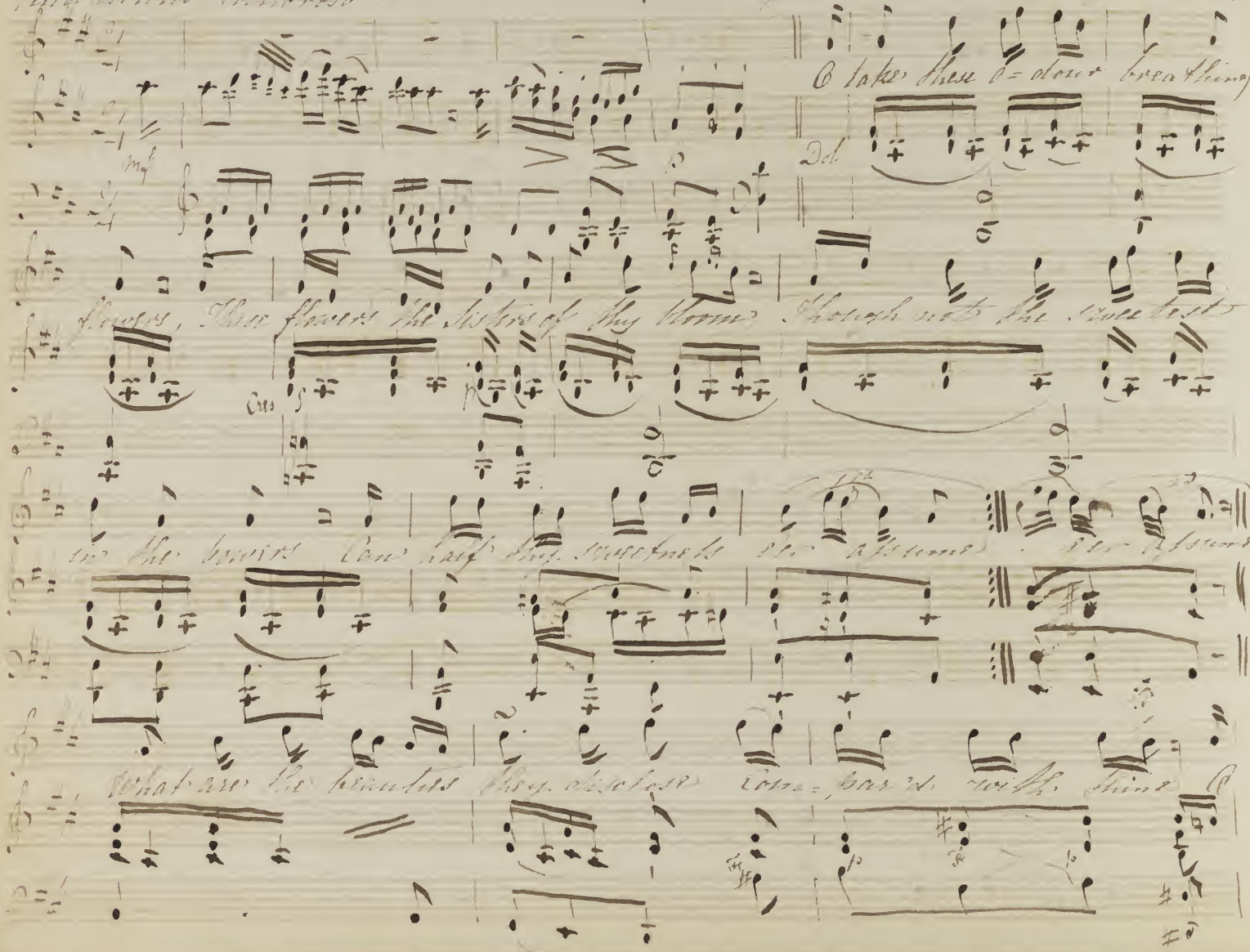

could but words unveal the spelle
Had but language strength to tell
I'd say how much I
love thee
Here we meet for room to part
Here to leave wille nowe a smart
Here ile
Dress thee to my heart where none have place above thee
Here the rose that crowns thy door,
Here the thorn that pricks thy love;
Here the willow on the door
The birds at rest above thee
Had thou right or like to me
Love of love like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be
How dostingly I love thee!

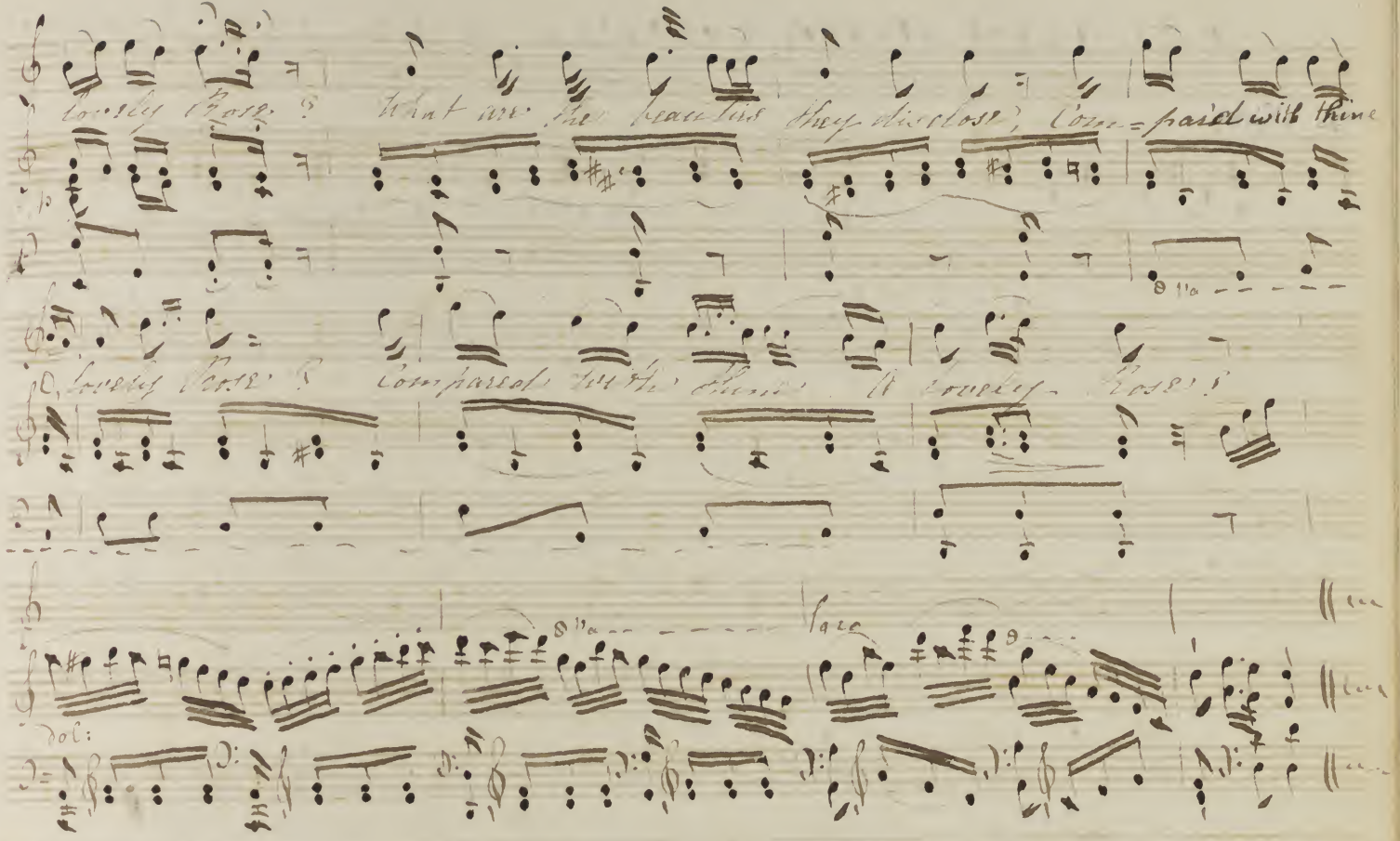

A Solemn gratitude
Oboe
Andante
What-ever my fate, where-ere I roame, By sorrow still op-prest
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home that gave the wanderer


Dol
Shew'd, Still may you claim a Soldiers thanks, A Soldiers gra-ti-
Dol
-tude, A Soldiers gra-ti-tude, Still may you claim a Soldiers
The tender tear the balmy tear
That meek eyed pity gives
The last expiring throw shall cheer
And bless the Wanderers grave
Shew'd
A Soldiers gra-ti-tude
+ The bass is wrongly placed

Lovely Rose

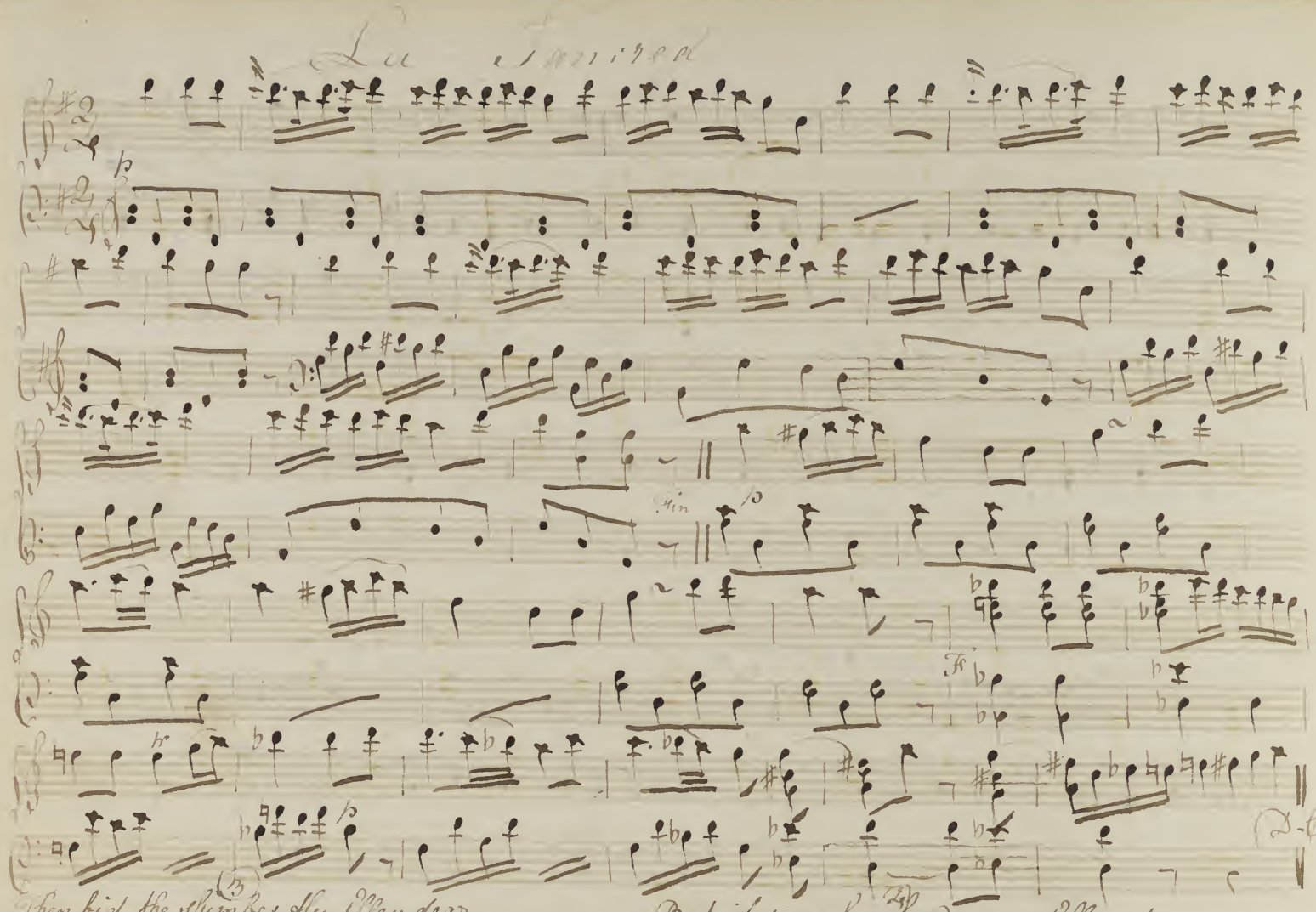
Duetto for the Harp & Pianoforte composed by J. Bishop



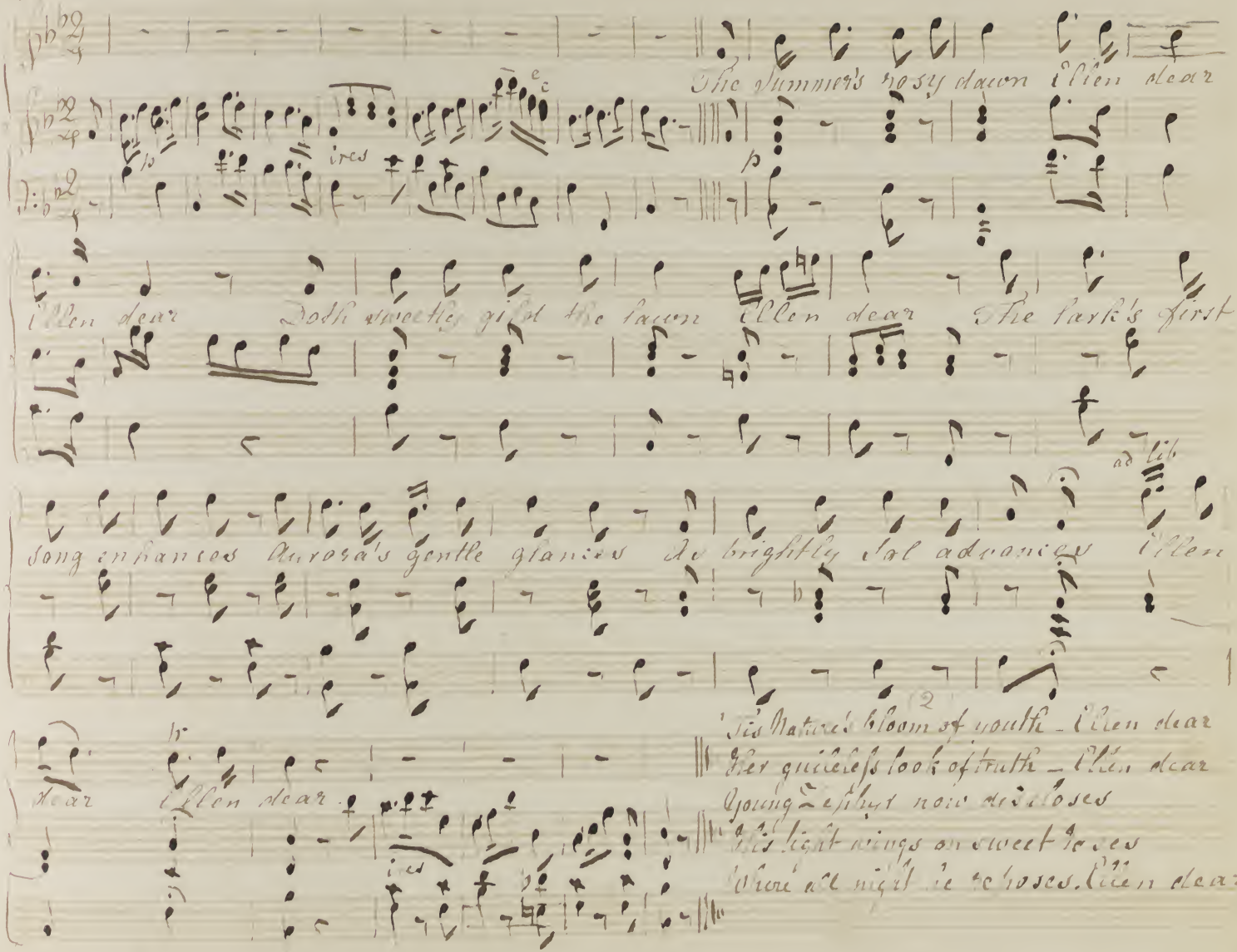


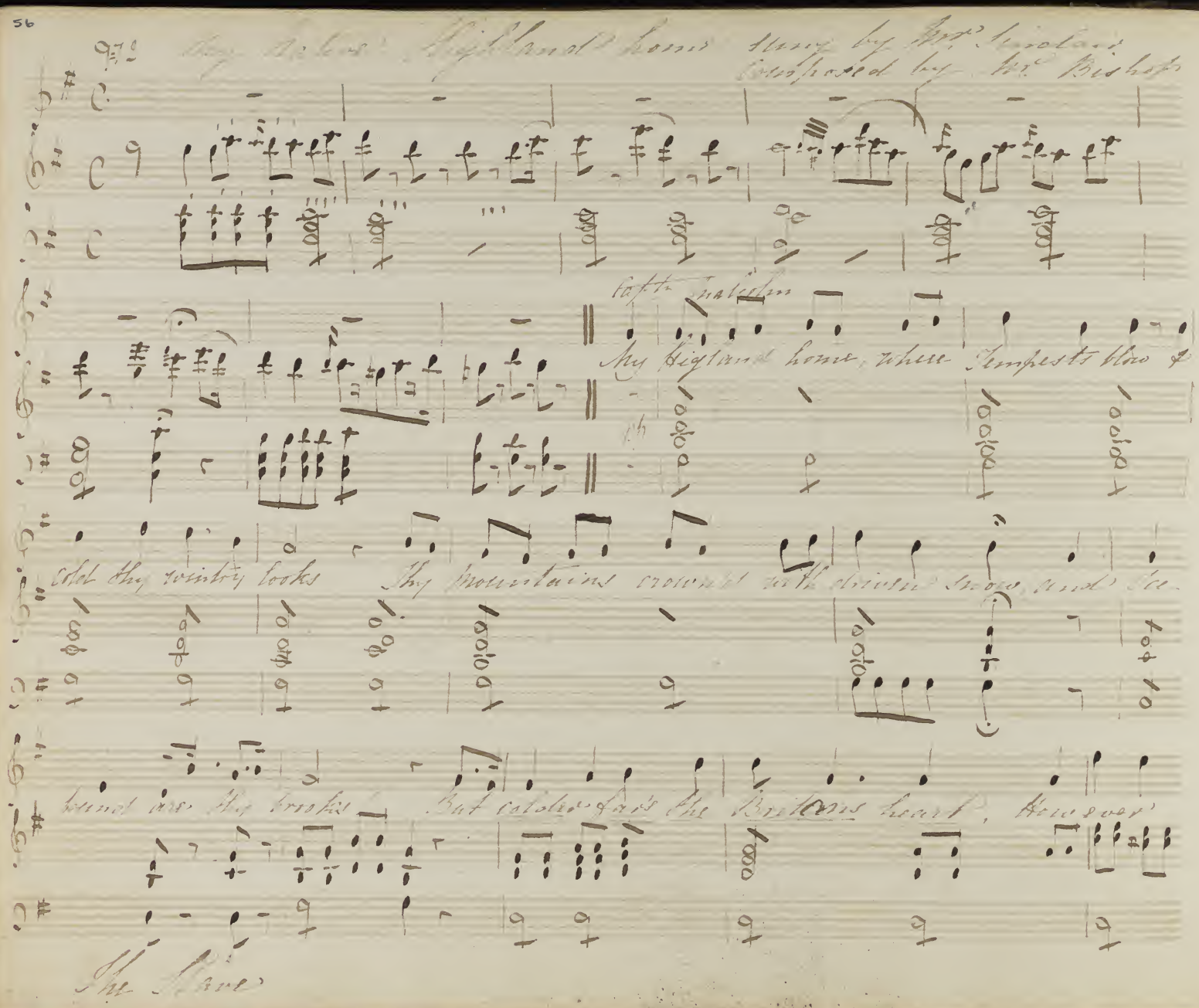
Though in the crown we offer here
No gems in splendid richness blaze,
The' simple flowers alone appear
It has its worth, it merits praise

Formed by our grateful hearts it sheers
The worth of thee Lovely Rose


Then bid the slumber fly, Ellen dear —
That seals thy bright blue eye — Ellen dear —
To see the sun shine early
come climb the mountain cheerly
With him that loves you dearly, Ellen dear —
But if some lovely dream — Ellen dear
Should on thy slumber beam — Ellen dear —
O, may no rude intrusion
Although it were delusion
Scare off the gentle vision — Ellen dear. —

Ellen Dear


The summer's rosy dawn Ellen dear
Ellen dear Doth sweetly gild the lawn Ellen dear The lark's first
song enhances Aurora's gentle glances As brightly sol advances Ellen
dear Ellen dear
'Tis Nature's bloom of youth – Ellen dear
Her guileless look of truth – Ellen dear
Young Cupid's nois dest loses
His light wings on sweet roses
While all night he reposes. Ellen dear


Hey Nicholas' Highland home sung by Mrs Sinclair
accompanied by Mr Bishop
Tempo Andantino
My highland home, where Tempests blow &
cold thy wintry looks
My mountains crowned with glistening snow, and Ice
bound are thy brooks
But cold as is the Britons heart, however
Mr Hawes

act 1st

far he roam, Thro' storm these words no joy impart — thy na- tive Highland

(like voice-

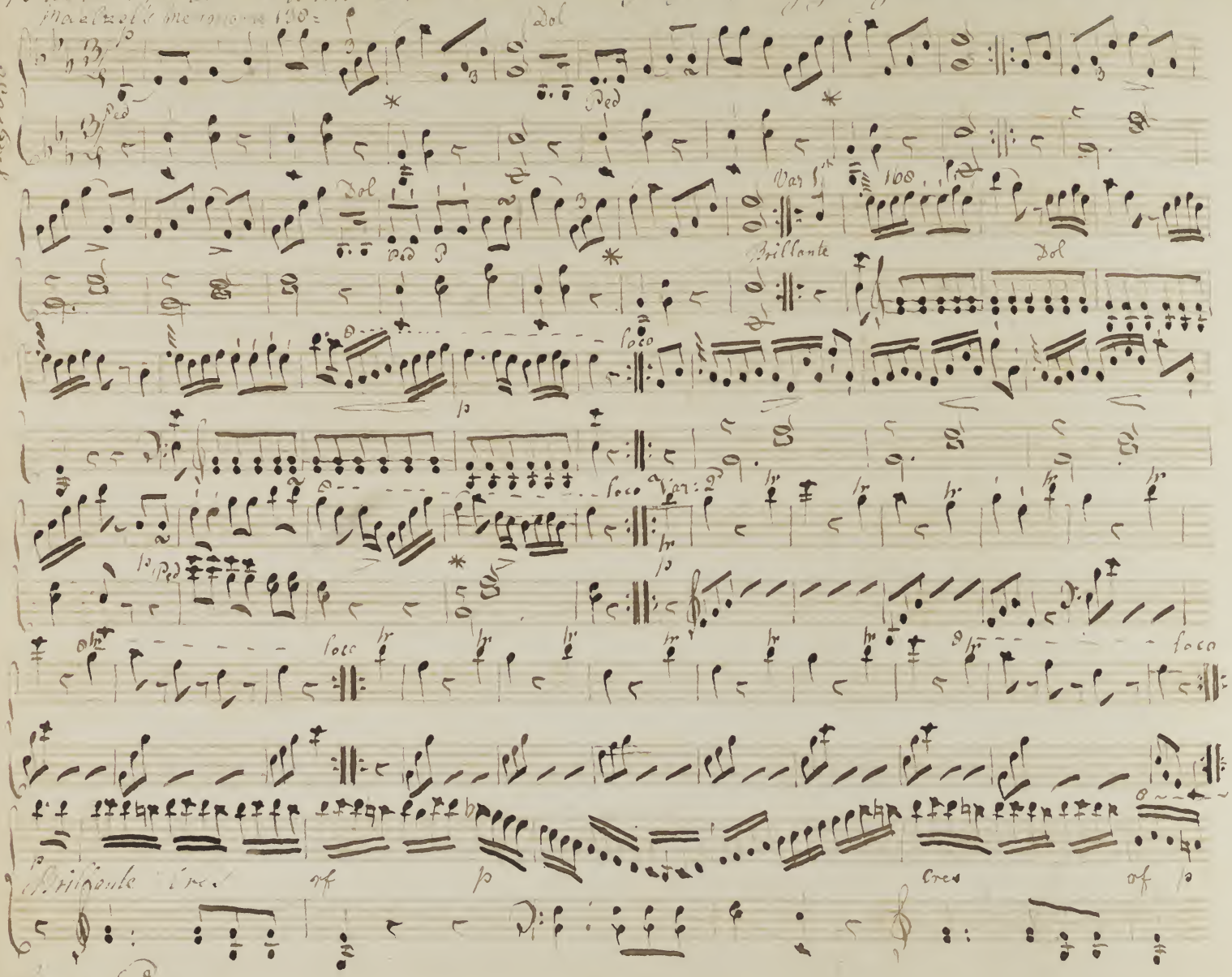
a tempo

home! "Thro' ev'ry vein to Scotland dear, for me, ah, again thrill-

home, And with the smiles to welcome me thy native Highland

When Summer comes the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove
The rushes down to hear the dell
Invites to peace & love!
For then comes in the breath of may
And sweet the bonny broom
And pure the shining rills that play
Around my highland home. &c

Bavarian Air with Variations by L. Mazzinghi



poco

Var 8

Var 9

Var 10

Var 11

Var 12

Var 13

Var 14

Var 15

Var 16

Var 17

Var 18

Var 19

Var 20

Var 21

Var 22

Var 23

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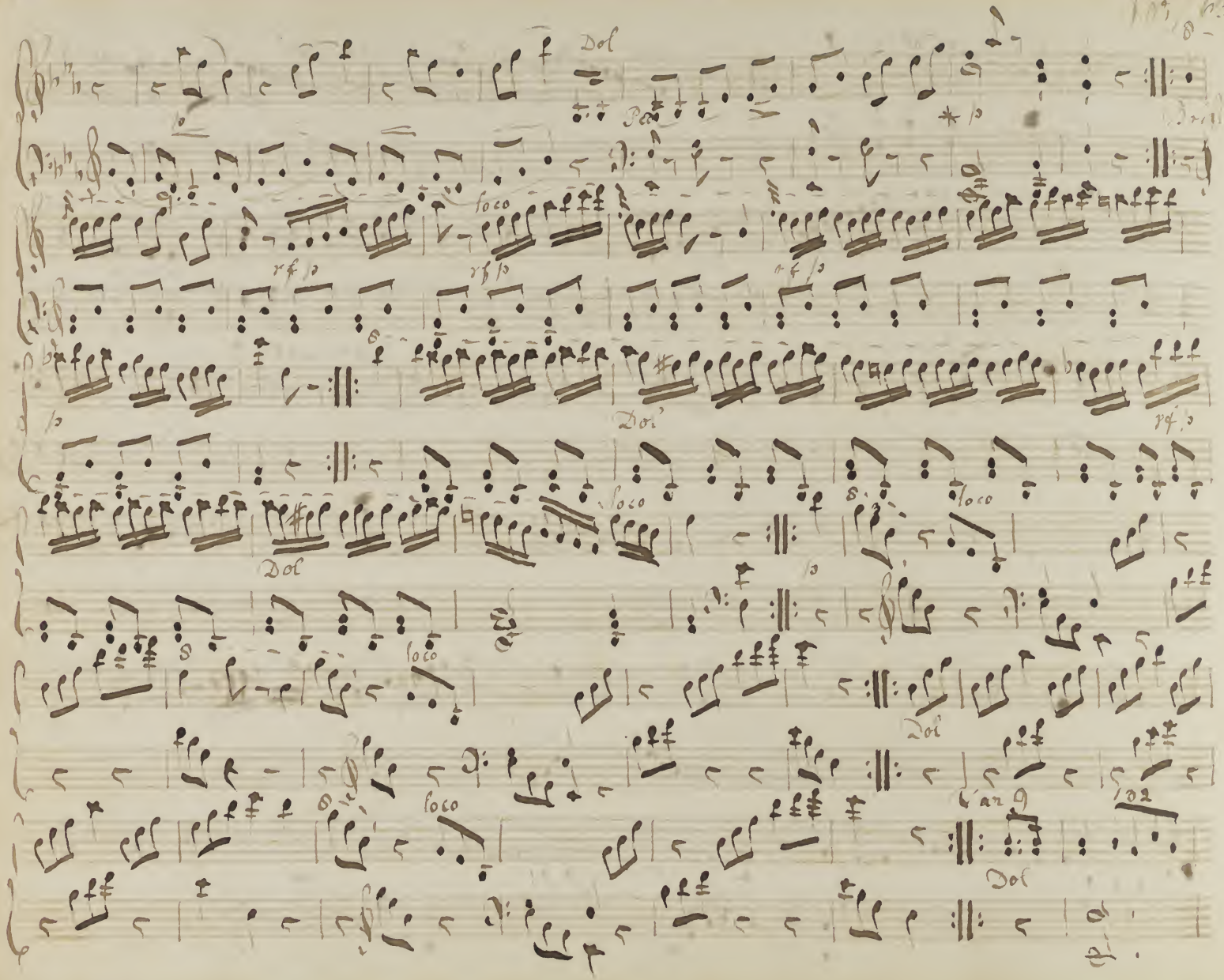
Var 26

Var 27

Var


Dol
Dol
loco
loco
Dol
loco
Dol
loco
Dol

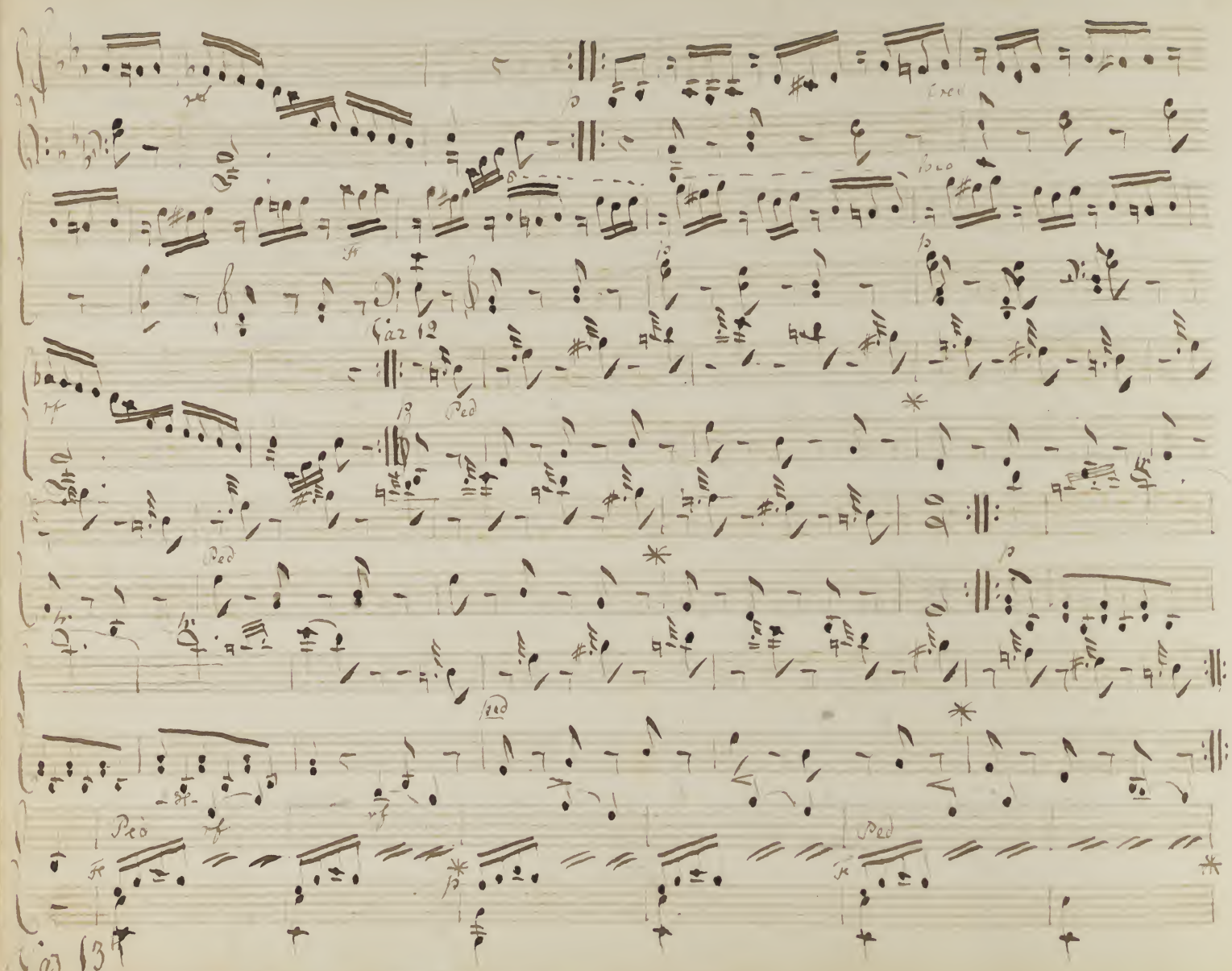
8

Dol

poco

Vcl 8ª Animato

poco


Ped
Ped
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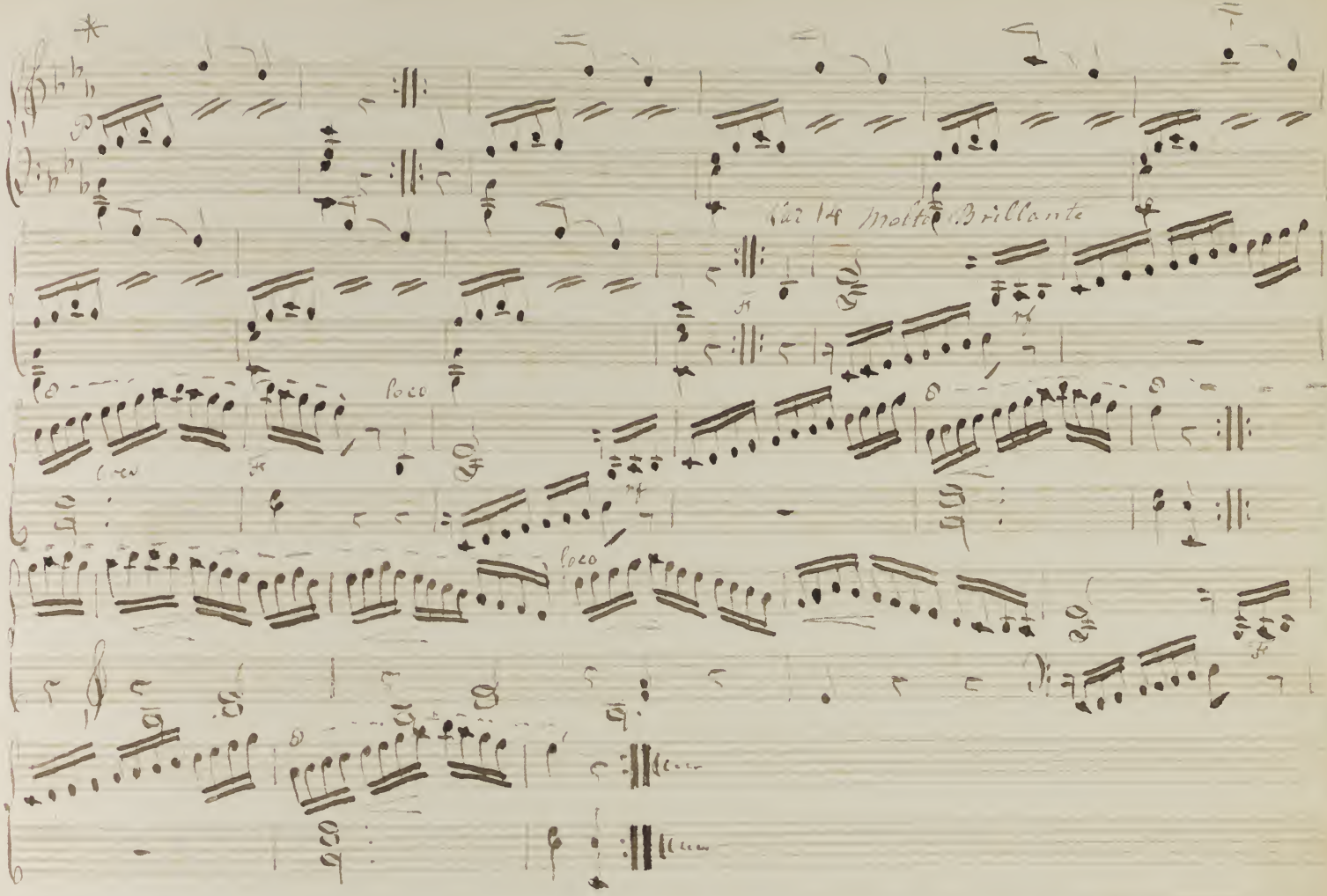
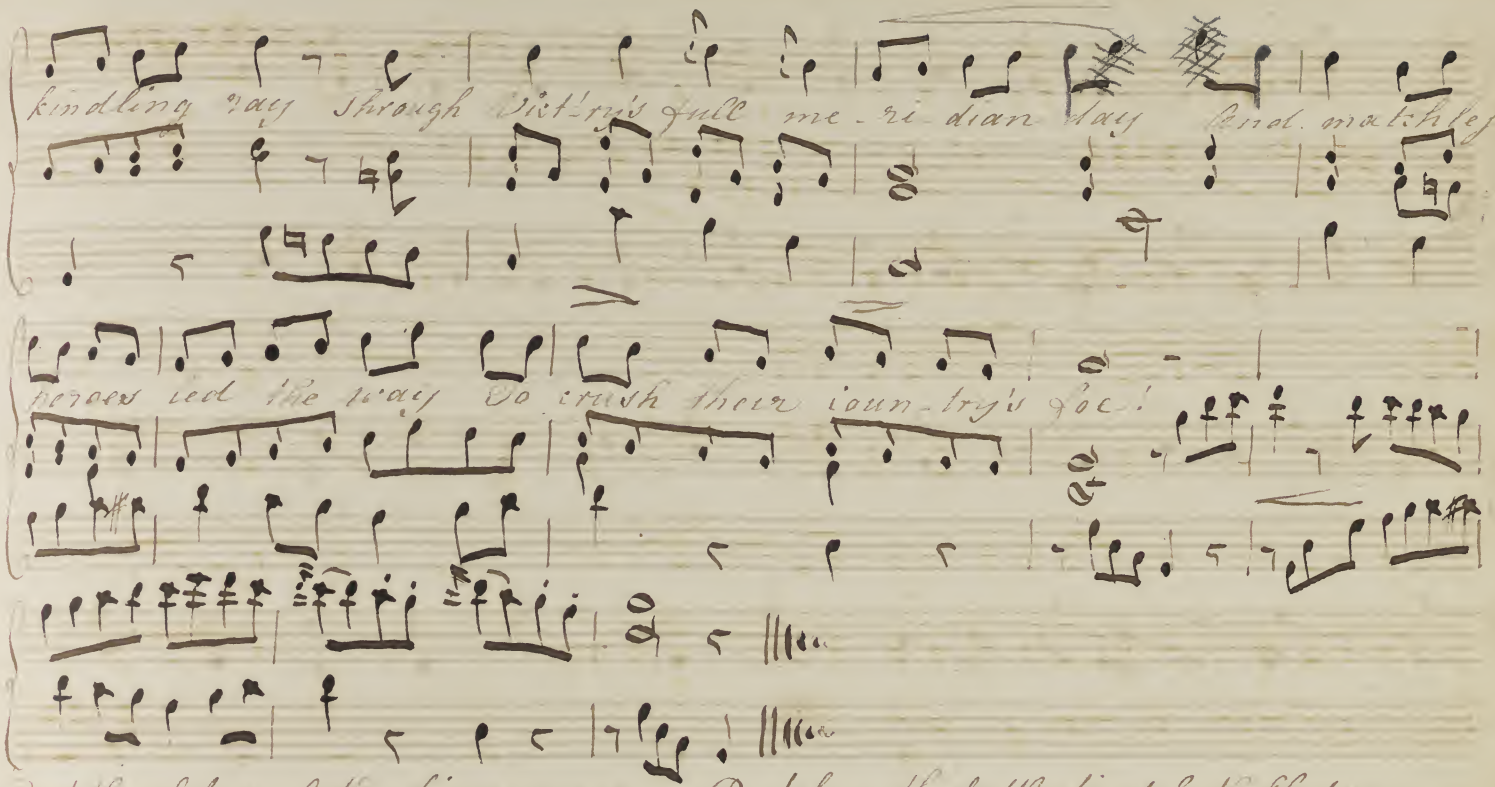

Più lento
Molto Brillante
loco
loco

The Heroes of Cymru. Words by J. St. Parry Esq.

Allegretto.

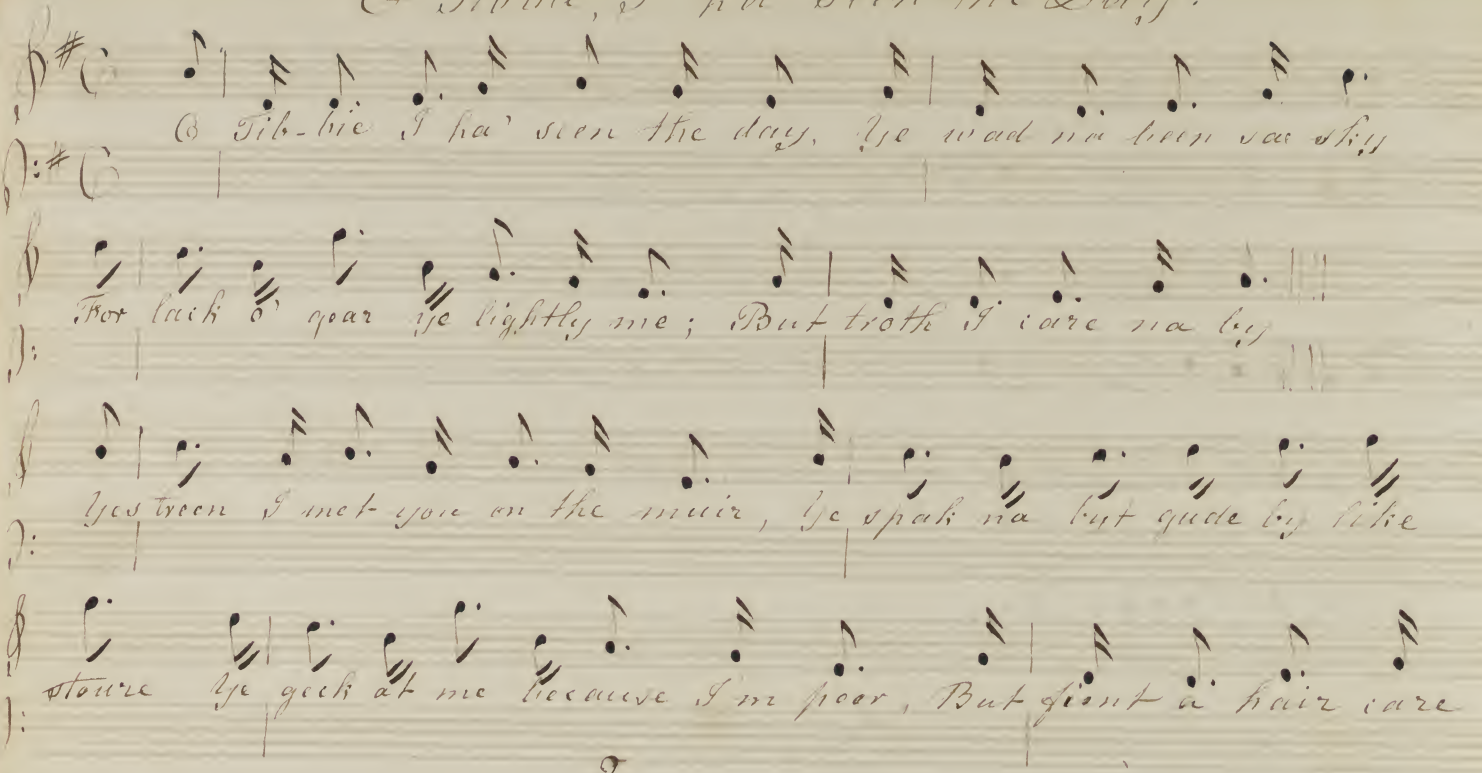
In early times how bright the fame Of Cymru's old and honor'd name When
burning with the sacred flame That patriot bosoms know Her sons to bat-
=tle crowding came To snatch a wreath from Saxon shame! Her glory shot her



But though brave Arthur lives no more,
And fam'd Llywelyn's reign is o'er,
Yet glows their spirit as of yore
In Cymru's noble race:
Still gallant as their Sires before,
Her sons to Fame's high temple soar,
Where He, who erst with promptest zeal
His banner rear'd for Erin's weal
And drew on Gallia shore the steel,
Shall fill an honour'd place.

But long the battle-fiend hath fled,
And peace in triumph rear'd her head,
Her gladd'ning beams around to shed,
And wake her halcyon reign;
And warriors, erst by glory led,
To gentler passions now are led,
They haste to throng the magic ground,
Where Music's charms and song abound
And beauty spreads her smiles around
To cheer the social train.

O Tibbie, I ha' seen the Day.



2.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy—
For lack o' gear ye lightly me
But troth, I care na by—
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think
Because ye hae the name o' clink
That ye can please me wi a wink
Whene'er ye like to try.

3

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day &c &c &c
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy queen
That looks sae proud and high.

4

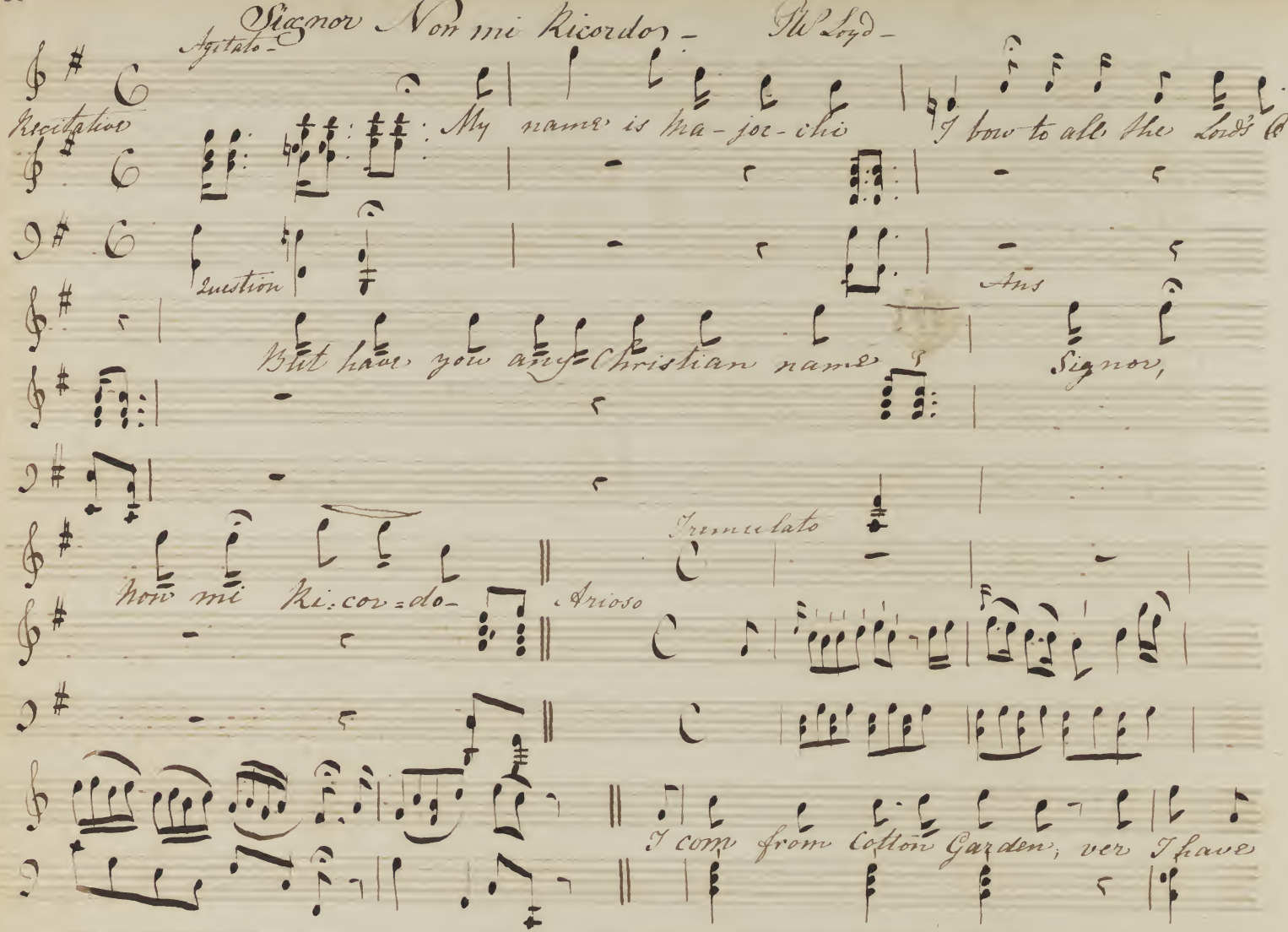
O Tibbie I hae seen the day &c &c &c
Although a lad were e'er sae smart
If he but want the yellow dirt
Ye'll cast your head anither airt
And answer him fu' dry.

5

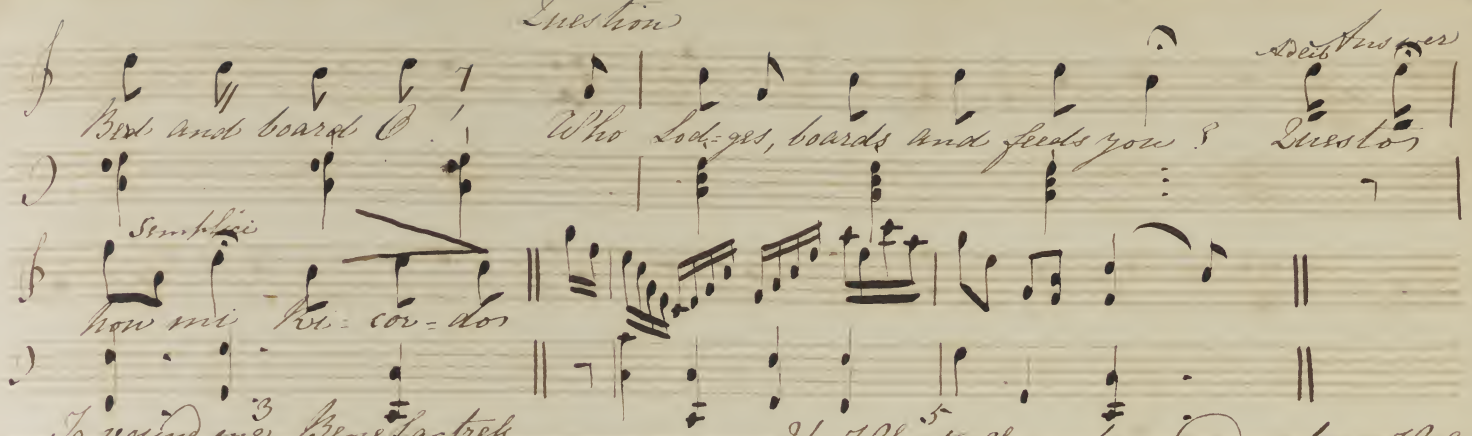
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day &c &c &c.
But if he hae the name o' gear
Ye'll hasten to him like a briar,
Though hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.

6

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day &c &c &c
There lives a lass in yonder park
I wad na gie her under sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high


Signor Non mi Ricordo –
Agitato –
Pll Loyd –
Recitative
My name is Ma-jor-chi
I bow to all the Lord's &
Question
Ans
But have you any Christian name
Signor,
Tremulato
Non mi Ri-cor-do –
Arioso
I come from Cotton Garden, ver I have

Question



To wound me Benefactress
At Venice shall I be slow O!
2/ To save, to serve, to aid her —?
4/ Now mi, Now mi ricordo

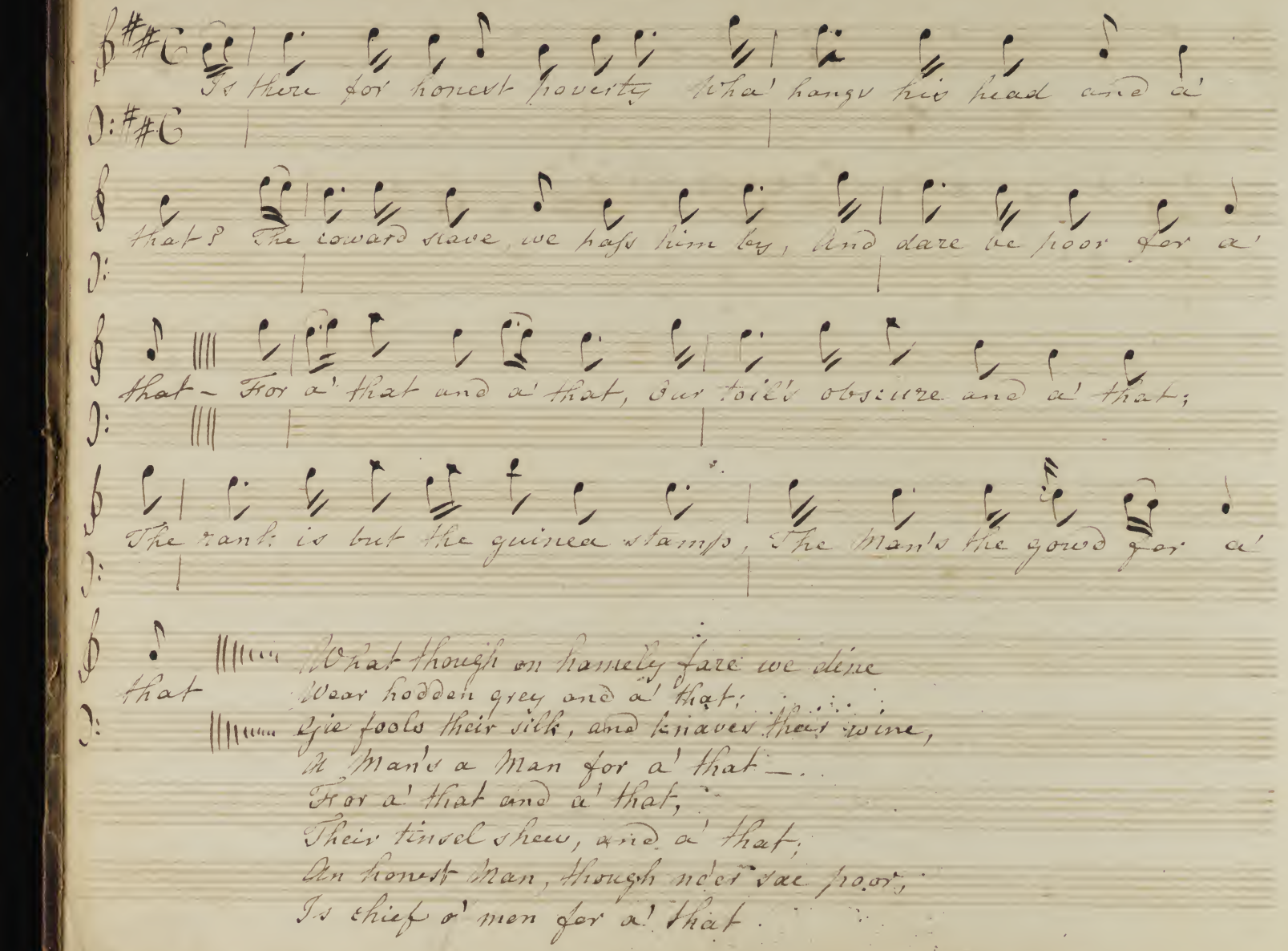
De Princes were at Naples
Vid Lady and Vid Lord O!
2/ Their names, their formes, their faces?
4/ O Cielo, now mi Ricordo

2/ What Chambermaid, what Valet
came running to the bell O!
What footman brought the dinner up
4/ Now mi ricordo Quello
2/ What money's in your pocket
What coat is in your chest O!
Who decked you out so very fine
4/ Now mi ricordo Questo

Ah misera dat De Devil
Is chaps do me questo
If like them all I'd run away
They them might make the rest O!

October 3,, 1820

The Honest Man.



3

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, & a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof, for a' that.
For a' that, & a' that;
His ribband, star, & a' that,
The Man o' independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

4

The king can make a belted knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that,
An honest Man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he manna fa' that!—
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

5

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it shall for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that—
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that—
When Man and Man the world a'o'er
Shall brithers be and a' that.

yet still the last crown of thy toil is remaining
The greatest, the purest sin thou hast yet known
The finest was the task, other nations enchanting
for freedom to heal the deep wounds of those slain
at the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast
shed
Go — shed for the land that first cradled thy fame
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood
Let the rainbow of hope, be her trailing tame
Immortal throne !!!

"Glory!" continued Rebecca, "Alas! is the rusted Mail which hangs as a hatchment
over the champions dim & mouldering tomb— is the defaced Sculpture of the
inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring Pilgrim
—Are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection; for a life
spent miserably that ye may make others miserable?— Or is there such Virtue
in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly
affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of
these ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken Churls over their
Evening Ale"—!

Ivanhoe— Vol.m the 2d. Page 303.

— he that does good; having the unlimited power to do evil,
deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the
evil which he forbears

Ivanhoe— Vol.m the 3d. Page 89.

April the 26 1820—

" how graceful is the garb of wretchedness
" When worn by Virtue! — Fashions turn to folly;
" Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow poor
" To her magnificence" —

Gustavus Vasa — Act the 1st Scene the 1st

Oh, Liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the Valiant bleed — Oh, sacred liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold birds you seek the wintry shore
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves —
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.
Upborn by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire — offer'd by the hands of tyrants —
With thee, I sought this favorite soil, with thee
These favorite sons I sought, thy sons Oh! Liberty!
For ev'n amid the toils of life you lead them
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
Ignite o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations —

Ibid Act the 3d

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